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Gordon

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# VICTORIA TRUE

—OR—

## THE JOURNAL OF A LIVE WOMAN

BY

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

AUTHOR OF "THE RIGHT KNOCK," "IT IS POSSIBLE,"  
"STORY OF TEDDY," ETC.

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By the understanding of his own power as related to the Law of Being  
a man's spoken word will recreate him. — *Helen Wilmans.*

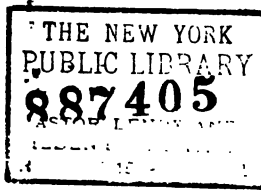
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S. K.



ALL eyes wait for a new dawn,  
All hearts wait for a new song,  
All feet wait for a new path,  
All lives for what Love hath  
In store, of Life  
And Truth.

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To the All, is this Book dedicated by  
the Author.

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BY HELEN VAN ANDERSON.

## INTRODUCTION.

**W**HEN first I met Victoria True she impressed me as one who had had some great experience. Her face was like one transfigured. It suggested a resurrection. Afterward, when I knew her life story, I understood. Her whole being, her eyes, her face, her every word, her every move bespoke a consciousness of life, and because it was life it made her a live woman—one who under any circumstances can never be otherwise than alive.

It was my incomparable privilege at one time to be her daily companion in her own home for over three months. Her home life was so filled with the dignity of her ideals and their masterly expression that every detail stamped itself indelibly upon my memory. The marvel of her character grew upon me, and at last I perceived that the secret of her attainment lay in the supreme fact that she had overcome self.

But how had she accomplished this, by what method had she made ready and adopted this beauteous garment of character? was my constant inward query. It was not that she had been endowed with an angelic disposition superior to others; it was not that she had found life and its circumstances easy or luxurious or even pleasant always; it was not that she had been kept from trial or disappointment; it was not that she had been shielded or protected by anyone, — and yet here she was a great, grand royal woman, in her victory, representing the possible victory of every soul.

“What is it?” I questioned of her earnestly, “what is it that makes your life so rich in peace, in power, in everything that goes to make the ideal life a reality? Can you not tell your secret? I want to know, not only for myself, but for hundreds and thousands of others who desire to live as you do.”

Our conversations had often led up to this point, and in response to my oft-repeated question she had always given

some wise, strong answer which satisfied in a general sense, but failed to give the definiteness of a personal experience.

This time my plea for the "thousands of others" seemed to strike a new chord in her mind. "Do you really think the story of my experience would help others?" she asked, her beautiful eyes aglow with a sudden resolve.

"I *know* it. Dear Mrs. True, will you not tell it to me?"

"It is too sacred for spoken words," she said in a hushed voice, at the same time rising and walking swiftly into the house.

Presently she returned to me under the tree on the lawn where we had been sitting. In her hand she carried a large, flat book which she gave me, saying as she did so, "Here is the story of my new life as I wrote it from day to day. Perhaps from it you will glean hints of what I can never utter in audible language. My life has been commonplace, its duties the plain uneventful round that makes up the average woman's life, but out of it all the

Something that has been evolved is that which you say gives peace, power, and whatever goes to make the higher life."

She walked away, and with reverent hands I opened the Journal. . . . And then I knew why she could not speak of her experiences, why they were too sacred to utter. Ah, yes, the secrets of her very soul were laid bare ; even its struggles and agonies were hinted at, but over all and through all rose the song of triumph, the pæan of victory.

I sat spellbound and read to the finish. I read, and read again. The outer world with its sights and sounds was forgotten. The evening shadows grew long about me, the sun sank to rest, the stars came out, and still I sat unheeding. I was thinking of the sameness of human struggles and weaknesses and aspirations. I saw in this not the story of one woman, but the story of Humanity. This one soul seemed to stand apart, but no, it was simply that her victory illumined her as a like victory might illumine all. She had, as it were, found the Light, and in

this silent, quiet way — in her daily life and in her written words — she bore it aloft.

Why should not the shine of this Light reach afar into other lives still groping in darkness? Why should it not comfort other despairing hearts?

Surely it must be so. . . . And at last I prevailed on her to let me give to the world, for the world's dear sake, this "Journal of a Live Woman."



## LOVE.

Love took up the harp of Life,  
And smote on all the chords with might :  
Smote the chord of self, that trembling,  
Passed in music out of sight.

— *Tennyson.*

Fraternity ! Love's other name !  
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being ;  
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,  
As souls full-statured, grow far-seeing :  
Thou shalt unfold our better part,  
And in our life cup yield more honey ;  
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,  
And love's own world with smiles more sunny.  
'T is coming ! yes, 't is coming !

— *Gerald Massey.*

## THE JOURNAL OF A LIVE WOMAN.

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MIDNIGHT, DECEMBER 17, 18—.

I WAS in a sad, despairing mood.  
“What *shall* I do? Am I *never* to  
live up to my ideals?” I cried out in  
anguish. Suddenly from the depths of  
my own soul, it seemed, I heard a Voice  
saying : —

There is the Word will make thee whole  
If thou wilt speak it faithfully —  
The Word that meeteth all requirements  
And spareth all necessity of ill conditions.  
’T will change the life of him who lives it  
And build for him a four-squared,  
Finely wrought, and perfect character,  
Divinely imaged and true as God.  
This Word hath not the form of sound,  
For ’t is not shaped of letters, signs,  
Nor mystic symbols, though often  
Do they hint its nature.  
More truly is this Word the incarnation  
Of all good, the essence  
Of all graciousness and peace and beauty —

The very Soul of Faith which speaks  
From out its centre with unquestioned  
Power to bring forth whatsoe'er it will.  
Most surely is this Word the pith of all that 's true,  
The Light of all that Is. 'T is pictured  
Wide throughout the universe, and  
He who runs may read.

The Voice ceased and I waited anxiously.  
“How then can this Word pass through  
human lips?” was my heart's unspoken  
question.

Quickly came the answer : —

Get first within thy mind a  
High conception of its perfectness and  
Omnipresence. Then often utter words  
That nearest represent the nature of the One,  
As Love or Life or Truth or Health  
Which is for all of these the outer form.  
Whoso incorporates the shine of  
These sound words, which are  
True faces of the One, into his  
Daily living, becometh master of  
Himself, and so of all his world.

“Oh, that I might master this petty,  
foolish self that suffers and makes others  
suffer!” I groaned inwardly.

Thy victory is sure  
If thou dost know the Word is  
One, and everywhere supreme.  
First school thyself to think and  
Picture forth these shining words I  
Named to thee and as many more  
As thou canst find, that cast forth  
True reflections, for thou wilt ever  
Grow like the speech thou  
Holdeth in thy mind and uttereth  
With thy lips.

Would'st thou be mean and  
Small and filled with breaks and  
Pains and withering imperfections?  
Then think and speak of  
Like unsaintly things.

Would'st thou be grand and  
Whole and beauteous in thy  
Mind and bodily expression?  
Then dwell upon the heights of  
Language. Pour forth such words  
As giveth Beauty voice, and  
Health a living form.

Thine Alpine horn of melody  
Shall ring loud among the hills  
And echo down the lowly  
Valleys with its proclamation  
Of the Word, till all who hear  
With the inner ear shall  
Straightway mirror forth  
Perfection.

. . . . .

I have written it down just as it came — this wonderful message of wisdom. I am hardly yet over the daze of its coming. I am not given to visions nor anything of this sort, but somehow to-night I feel that something has opened for me — a door somewhere in the hidden regions of my own being that leads into the fair realm of the Perfect.

Oh, I hope it will not close again and forever; but I will not think of that. Here, at least, are the words as tangible evidence of what came through this magic door.

Think of it, Victoria True! You who have longed and striven and agonized ever since you can remember, to live an ideal life, a life of gentleness and power and gracious magnanimity; you who have found yourself so sadly lacking in your relations with others, because your relations with your own soul were not established.

Think of it! Here are specific directions for *building a character*. Will you follow them?

And I say to myself and to you, my

faithful journal, with all humility and earnestness of heart, *I will*.

I look again upon the message : —

“Then often utter words  
That nearest represent the nature of the One,  
As Love or Life or Truth or Health  
Which is for all of these the outer form.”

There is much I cannot grasp, but I can wait.

“To often utter words” is surely plain enough, but oh, I wonder what this will do to take the tangles out of my life, out of myself?

H-sh ! “Whoso incorporates the shine of these sound words, becometh master” — Yes, I will remember. Love is the word I choose first, and may its wondrous shine come into my life ! . . .

JANUARY 17.

A whole month and nothing written. But I have been trying to *live* the good words. With varying success, I am afraid, but how much I have learned ! The Word has done much for me. It has led into a better understanding of the *idea* Love.


At first when I went apart in my room to say the word aloud, I could think of nothing but the sound of my own voice and the word with four letters, but gradually there have dawned new meanings, a new atmosphere, warm, bright, expansive, into which I may enter and there find myself for the time at least a new creature. Is this a promise, I wonder, of what may be?

I cannot see yet a practical way of applying this method to my real problems, but I will wait.

MARCH 3.

It molds me more and more after its own likeness, when I am willing to let it do with me as it will — this Love I mean, which is my heaven and my earth, my high Light and my low light, my ideal and my real, but I am determined to make the effort unceasingly until I *can* be master. But oh, how hard to be patient and gentle and tender when every circumstance rouses one to be otherwise!

In Love there is every virtue. Patience, tenderness, non-resistance, charity, gentleness. If I incorporate the shine of love



into my life, it means that I will manifest the nature of Love itself.

This is the greatest help that has ever been given me—this word speaking, and I see more in the message every time I read it, but will I ever attain?

The children are so hard to manage, Sanford is so little help in taking care of them, and aunt Delia! But there—

“Would’st thou be mean and small, and filled with  
Breaks and pains and withering imperfections?  
Then think and speak of like unsaintly things”—

No, this I will not do. Love finds no fault, sees no failure, thinks no evil. . . . Love is my watchword, my consciousness, my consummation!

A record of victory or no record at all, my journal.

JUNE 23.

O Joy! At last!

At last has come the great experience—the point that lies beyond struggle. It seemed hard in the process, but now even memory is softened by the white glory that crowns attainment. O Love supreme,



unutterable and pure, Thou art the Living Word, the matchless Lord of all that is!

I have made Love my shield and breast-plate by imagining it a radiant sun upon my breast, burning away and purifying every thought or condition unlike itself. In the midst of strife or struggle or pain I have tried to turn my face and my heart towards this brightness, and often the burdens lightened and often new hints and glimpses and promises were set stirring within me, but nothing that ever came could be likened to this last experience.

Oh, the joy of these four days! The peace that I cannot describe. Is it a dream that the struggle is past, that the condemnation is gone? Is it — *can* it be true that this will last — this wonderful sense of rest, this perfect non-resistance, this permeating jubilant love, this deep tenderness that flows forth like a placid stream, blessing and refreshing all alike who come near it?

But I must go back to the beginning. It was last Sunday. Sanford had gone to Burr City. Aunt Delia was worse than

ever. She could think of nothing cruel enough to say, it seemed, and my heart writhed as it always does, and cried out to be delivered from this unceasing trial. All the years that aunt Delia has been with us passed before me in dark review.

I could not seem to remember that she was a cripple and old and alone in the world, but for Sanford and me. I could not even, as I have sometimes, realize that once she was young and beautiful and well, and that it was the awful disappointment that came to her on the day of her expected wedding which embittered her life and turned her against the whole world.

No, *I could not think on her side of the question at all !*

I could only remember that she had come into our happy home and, like some grim Nemesis, had cast a shadow over our whole life. She had used what she considered the prerogative of age, to criticize me, to correct the children, to complain to Sanford, and to constitute herself general dictator of the whole family.

Within the last year Sanford had taken

to drink, goaded to it by aunt Delia he declared, as often as she tantalized him to desperation; but if there had been no weakness in his nature, not even an aunt Delia could have brought it out.

All this and much more flashed through my mind as she sat there alternately scolding me and deploring her fate. I stood it quietly as possible, but when Beatrice came in and she began to blame the child for something she had done, my whole being rose in revolt. For an instant it seemed that I would surely break into angry speech, but my *Word* came to me. . . . *Love*. . . . I thought it silently, slowly, meditatively. Presently Beatrice went out of the room and I could look at aunt Delia, *feeling no condemnation*. The victory was won! . . . Aunt Delia subsided into silence, and after a few quiet, commonplace words I left the room. . . . What was this that had saved me even from myself, that had worked so mightily within, and from the within to the without?

It must surely be this Word, "the incar-

nation of all Good, the essence of all graciousness and peace and beauty."

And yet, shall I, must I, tell of that which followed? Yes. Sanford returned, and I saw at once that he was *not himself*. He was intoxicated. I met him as bravely as I could. . . . Through all his angry words, I stood, making faint replies or none at all. But he said something that put a knife through my heart, or so it seemed. I could only pant and moan like a wounded thing, until at last I persuaded him to go to bed. Then I rushed to my room and gave way to abject despair. Disappointment, pain, humiliation, weakness, sorrow, like cruel faces, came with taunts and jibes to mock me.

With a mighty effort I roused myself. If there ever was a time when I needed the Word, it was then, and finally I could say or rather think "Love." But the dreadful anguish still lay upon my heart.

"O Infinite Love!" I cried, "Thou art God, and I am in Thee and of Thee. I am joyous and free, for Thou art my very being. Thou art with me day and night

as my strength, my comfort, my victory !  
Love, O Love ! Thou art the only Word, the  
only Sun which giveth life and light. I am  
in Thy Shining. The darkness is past.  
*Now, now, now* I think of Thee, speak of  
Thee, acknowledge Thee as the All." . . .

And then the peace came — *such* peace.  
*All condemnation was gone!* I knew then  
what forgiveness meant.

Dear aunt Delia ! Now I could think of  
her as a little child who had lost her way  
in a great dark forest. Perhaps a light is  
to be borne to her !

And Sanford ! I realized that he was  
living his own life and I could give him  
freedom to live it in his own way. And  
then and there I let go of him. I really  
*did give him liberty* (in my mind, I mean),  
something I had never done before.  
Without knowing how it was done, I had  
let the good overcome the evil in *myself*,  
and that had saved me from condemning.  
. . . I knew only love for all the world.  
Surely this word hath magic in it. In get-  
ting into the *Idea* Love, I seem to have  
partaken of its nature.

This must be the meaning of this miracle-working change!

Oh, my soul, do not forget that that which redeemed thee in that dark hour may ever keep thee redeemed!

JUNE 24, 11 P.M.

What a change has come over the children too! Can it be that my despair and self-condemnation all these years have reacted on them?

Dear Marjorie is such a delicate little thing. Every breath of inharmony makes her curl up like a sensitive plant, but these days, these *four days*, she has been so happy, so really joyous, that I have called her my singing bird, my little meadow lark, and her face fairly blossoms with delight. (This Love within me pours every thought into such a tender mold.)

Marjorie is only six, and such a comfort when she is happy. Beatrice is eight and has always been something of a trial, because of her wilful ways. Many a night have I lain awake wondering how I should

manage her, but these magic days even she has been angelic.

And Donald, with his whistling and scuffling and constant questioning, has not annoyed me once. It seemed that in all his thirteen years Donald was never so trying as he was last week, but he too has been charmed—or is it I, who see with such different eyes?

And Sanford? Aunt Delia? Oh, my heart, how great has been thy victory here! No word cruel enough to make thee tremble, nor writhe in agony as thou wert wont to do! Nay, thou hast been upheld and borne aloft as upon wings! . . . And have I, who have searched for God all these years, found at last that *God is tangible, present, quickening Love?*

Oh, joy unutterable! oh, peace supreme!

Now the time has come to give and bless, by giving to all the world this joy.

Let thought and word pour forth like sweet aroma from the lily's heart, or like the perfumed breath of morning when the sun rides o'er the horizon's edge, rich-rayed and glory-clad.

Pour forth, my soul, oh, pour forth your kindness and your love! Pour forth as freely as the clouds of evening their refreshing draughts. Pour forth the richness of your life, as the earth her ripened wheat or juicy fruit!

'T is Love, and Love alone, will make the heart quicken with joy and the blood bound with health. 'T is Love will break the bonds of wickedness, or cruel condemnation. 'T is Love will make of earth a heaven, with heavenly music filled.

O Love! Godlike and true,  
Flame forth from my soul  
As the light from a jewel,  
Flashing a halo 'round each burdened heart,  
Warming its coldness with thy glowing fire,  
Redeeming its numbness, its clutching despair.  
Revealing true joy when the darkness is riven  
And lighting the sorrow-tossed soul to its heaven.

It is time for me to "lie down in peace and sleep," but I feel not the touch upon mine eyelids.

Night is studded with her splendid jewels, and all the air is fragrant with the redolence of flower bloom. . . . The



hush of a great silence falls upon me, and in that I rest, with a rest surpassing language.

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 25.

Still this wondrous joy! I arose early this morning, even with the dawn, and sat by the east window where I could catch the first gleam of trailing pink glory on the horizon.

It was like this dawn in my life which I am watching as intently as I did the breaking of the beautiful morning. Ah, now I know the significance of the dream I had last night!

This is the dream: —

My Soul lay sleeping. Her palace was desolate and her kingdom laid waste.

Being weary she had thrown herself upon the threshold stone and there she slept.

All things were still. The Sun was hid and a heavy cloud fell from the dome of ether. The grass leaned against the ground, the trees moved not a leaf, the roses paled, and all the birds were mute. No bee nor insect stirred the air.

Suddenly in the dim shadows of a brightening cloud a light drew near.

My Soul sighed in her sleep and turned uneasily. A form as that of a man with shining face and reverent mien appeared in the midst of the cloud.

"Oh, give me peace, my God! That peace of Thine I crave," cried my troubled Soul. The man drew close and looked upon the dreaming sleeper.

"Peace!" she cried again.

"Peace," he said with voice of soothing melody. "Peace, dear one; knowest not that peace can only come with Love sent from God's heart; aye, from God himself?"

"Oh," she sobbed, as if she dimly heard.

And then with that Love shining in his eyes he stooped and touched her on the heart.

With a joyous cry she awoke. She looked about to see whence came the wondrous radiance that filled the place.

She beheld an angel clothed in shining garments with a breastplate like the sun. His face was glorious with transcendent

light, and on his brow a golden word was writ. "Omnipotence," she read, and then she knew God's holy messenger had set her free.

"How am I glorified!" she cried with reverential tears. "Arise, dear one," he said; "enter thy palace and find thy kingdom waiting thee. All is well. Henceforth thou shalt have that peace that dwells in Love, the Love wherewith thou hath been touched, even that Love which is God."

And my Soul arose from her threshold stone and went into her palace, the angel walking with her.

The cloud melted away and the sun shone as on a morning in summer. The grass swayed in the breeze, the leaves stirred, and the roses blushed with new life. The birds sang joyously and every bee went straight to his chosen flower. . . .

And this is life! . . . Ah, yes, I see now! I was dead before. This is a resurrection, a coming back to the activity and vigor of real Life. It is the knowing and doing that must come when the soul con-

sciousness is awakened. How the mists are clearing away in my mind !

MONDAY EVENING.

This has been a glorious day, full of victories. . . .

I have just been reading over the message (my gospel I call it) that came to me first : —

Then often utter words  
That nearest represent the nature of the One,  
As Love or Life or Truth or Health,  
Which is for all of these the outer form.  
Whoso incorporates the shine of  
These sound words, which are  
True faces of the One, into his  
Daily living, becometh master of  
Himself and so of all his world.

See, what Love, the word Love, has done for me! Brought me into the actuality of Love itself!

Love is the foundation. If one knows Love, he must live it. Love and Life go hand in hand like the sunshine and the sun. Love is the sun, and Life the shine.

Life shall be my word now. This will

help me to keep always in the Light, by living according to the Light. Yes, only by daily living may we prove the mastery.

Beatrice and Donald were having a dispute this morning. I said to them: "Let the love words come, children." I spoke calmly and with a strong conviction that the love was there and that they would let it rule their words. A little prayer came into my heart too: "O Love! take this inharmony and turn it into peace," I said mentally, and the next moment the children were pleasant and loving.

Then and there, with Beatrice on one side of me and Donald on the other, I talked to them as I never had before.

"Beatrice, Donald," I said at the last, "now that we know how much better it is to be loving, and now that we know Love is only waiting for us to speak it and live it, shall we not put away the naughty words and actions?"

Beatrice answered: "It's better, mamma, I'm sure, but I *can't help* saying

cross things. They just fly right out of my mouth before I know it."

"Oh, but, girlie," — and I put my arm around her lovingly, — "we must get over saying 'can't.' If we think and say 'can't,' we do not try to do what we ought. Love is like the root of a beautiful flower growing in our hearts. Every kind thought or gentle action is a blossom. Every selfish thought or naughty action is a weed. Shall we not take such good care of our garden that only the Love blossoms will grow?"

"I'd like to, but I don't know how to go to work about it," said Donald thoughtfully.

"One of the first things to do is to think you can govern *yourself*—can instead of can't, you see," said I; "and instead of waiting for mamma to tell you what to do or how to do, think for yourself. Give the goodwill a chance to grow. Let us try it. Now I will let you and Beatrice govern yourselves to-day. I will not tell you what to do, nor say anything about it if you make a mistake. *I know*

*you can do what you choose to do, and I believe you will choose the good."*

I was surprised to see what an effect my words had.

"O mamma, *will* you trust us?" cried Beatrice, her face fairly aglow with delight, "'cause I can do *ever* so much better and be *lovinger* when I *want* to than when I *have* to!"

I wonder if the child knew what a sermon those words contained! "When I *want* to than when I *have* to!"

There it all is; the difference between spontaneity and compulsion!

Many a time I had said "you must" and "you shall," instead of "will you?" or, "I know you can, dear," which would have been like evening dew to the tender love plant hidden away in the child's heart somewhere.

"If mamma trusts me, I *know* I can trust myself!" exclaimed Donald, waking out of a brown study; "and I'll break myself of whistling in the house, mamma; see if I don't," he added with a tender little love pat, which was the best sign

of all of the earnestness of his resolve. Then I told them many things about doing the best they knew every moment, and trusting each other as I trusted them. How their eyes beamed as they left me for their unfinished tasks! And this sweet communion time; how much it means to us all! . . .

JUNE 29.

Aunt Delia looks at me in amazement; she cannot conceive of the change that has come. This morning I overheard her saying something to Sanford about "Victoria's spurt of goodness." My face grew hot and the tears came for an instant.

"Spurt of goodness!" Ah, well, it had been too true of me in the past I thought, and for all I had tried, never until now had it been anything else than a "spurt." "But now," I thought, "I have changed." I would not even look into the past nor allow myself to be depressed by word nor look referring to the past.

"Love is always in the present, and the



present is all I know." Involuntarily my mind formed this affirmation, and I repeated it a few moments until I was back again in my joyous present.

This is the first shadow that has crossed my zenith. But it was so small, and vanished so quickly, it is hardly worth calling a shadow. And besides, it brought me a blessing; it proved to me that I have the key to overcoming what has been the bane of my life — sensitiveness.

What is sensitiveness but selfness in its most subtle form?

Oh, this whining "I" that is forever saying, "They neglected *me*," "They were unjust to me," "They forgot me," etc.

This "I" is ever adding the burdens of past and future to those of the present, and living in the thought of bearing burdens, when there should be no burdens to bear!

The precious word "Love" has brought me into a consciousness of the present and its Best. Now I know it is right to live the true, the good, and the beautiful life every moment; and that is always in

the present, and always the Best of the present.

It must have been this thought underlying my reiterated affirmation, "Love is in the present and the present is all I know," that banished the cloud. At any rate it disappeared, and I took pleasure in spending a whole hour helping aunt Delia wind her worsteds. Of course the children could have done it, but I wanted to prove my goodwill, and perhaps give her a bit of comfort by diverting her attention into some pleasant channel.

I am learning that it is very easy to say pleasant things if one only *feels* pleasant. Oh, this blessed secret of letting Love take care of one's feelings! There is never a time when they may not be changed if they need to be — never a time when this wonderful word will not do its wonderful work, I verily believe.

I am glad now that aunt Delia said just what she did — glad because it revealed my attitude toward her as well as my progress in this new life I am trying to live. Truly, since *that pivotal day I have felt no*

*condemnation*, and it seems as though a mountain had been lifted from my heart. . . . I hear Dorry talking in her sleep. Bless her dear little heart! She will be four next week, but she is still my baby.

## LIFE.

Place yourself in the middle of the stream of power and wisdom which flows into you as life, place yourself in the full centre of that flood, then you are without effort impelled to truth, to right, and a perfect contentment.

— *Emerson.*

AUGUST 3.

So long, my journal, since I could even look within your covers; but all is well. Every day has been filled with living and learning (one follows the other), and I have still to testify of the wonderful peace.

Oh, the fine wrought gold of Truth that is woven into the life of the earnest *doer*! May a glint of its matchless shining be flashed into these pages!

I have been holding to the Life and Truth words a great deal. Life means more and more as I see its wonder-working power. At first, like the word Love, it seemed but a word. I put my thought as soon as possible in relation to the Principle back of the word, and then how richly was I repaid.

Life! what does it mean? I questioned as I fell into meditative mood. Gradually as the days went by I could more clearly formulate the answer. The Life Principle is infinite. There is no beginning nor end

to it, there is no change in its nature, power, nor presence. Life, like Love, is Omnipresent, Omniscient, and Omnipotent; and, like Love, it is one aspect of human existence as well as the Universal Cause of human existence.

To realize that there is but one Life is to bring one's consciousness to recognize the fact that all Life is perfect, and that its manifestation is according to the degree of recognition. What can be seen and known of Life is not the real Life, but its expression or showing forth.

The first fact that appealed to me was the statement that Life is perfect, and there is no respect to persons nor places in regard to its manifestation.

I acted upon this as a premise, and in repeating the word, as I have done so frequently, I let my mind assert everything it could formulate as based on this premise. For instance, if Life is perfect, then my life is perfect since there is but one Life. Life is the positive Cause of every activity. Therefore it is the foundation of my mental and physical expressions of life. If it is

omnipotent, then it has power over every condition of mind or body. If it be omnipresent, there is no absence of its power ; if it be omniscient, there is no lack of knowledge in its method of directing this power.

What am I outside of and independent of this Life ?

Absolutely nothing.

What stands in my way of manifesting this perfect Life ?

Ignorance.

How shall I change ignorance into knowledge ?

By unfolding my consciousness concerning Cause so that I may understand the relation between Cause and Effect.

How shall I unfold this consciousness ?

By thinking thoughts which relate to Cause.

And then I began repeating the word Life, meditating upon all its phases. . . . And finally it has dawned upon me clearly that Life is the Absolute, the Perfect, the Infinite, which is manifested in and through all living beings, giving

to them an individuality that in the human is capable of an infinite diversity of expression.

To express the Perfect, then, is the highest attainment of human existence.

Unless one has an ideal of the Perfect, how can he express only as he may express unconsciously? There is no wisdom in unconsciousness. It is my province to know; therefore, let me take the first step in breaking down the walls of ignorance by declaring it possible to be wise. *This much I have proven during these past weeks.*

By believing myself one with the Universal Life, I rise above the limitations imposed by my ignorance in believing myself separate from that Life.

By making practical application daily, hourly, persistently, I have proven that a true conception of Life will adjust its expressions.

In regard to my relations with aunt Delia, I have made this application: Since there is but one Life, her individuality has within it all the potentiality of the One.



If she does not express the perfectness, it is because she does not know the truth about her real Life and her privilege of expressing it. She is sad and bitter and lonely, because she thinks herself *apart* from the Perfect. In her ignorance she complains and suffers. She is judging from the seen. She sees the imperfect and, because she sees, believes.

I shall judge from the unseen, that which is true of her real Life, which contains all possibility of joy and peace and loveliness.

In this manner by hard thinking and close but silent application I reasoned it all out.

By-and-by I began to realize that my new thoughts were not only changing me but *her*.

She is a different woman now in several ways — softened and more sympathetic.

Who knows but this is the light I was to take to her.

Sanford is about the same. He is away from home a great deal of late. Sometimes I find myself anxious to see the

change in him, but then I remember it is his privilege to be free to live his own life, and I, knowing it is only a question of time when he will turn, let him go his way. What right have I to persuade him to accept *my* ideal? He must have his own. He must think as he chooses and grow in his own way. It is *liberty* he needs, liberty without restrictions or rules, and liberty he shall have as far as I can give it. That is, I shall keep from criticism and judgment and anxiety as much as possible. My best wishes and my hopes for the bringing out of his best shall be for him always. I will place him in the Life Universal. I will recognize his higher, nobler self (for that is his individuality in this Universal Life) and think of that instead of the weak, deluded sense self I so often see before my eyes. My duty is, not to live him, but myself.

And yet, O my husband, if I only could, how gladly would I give you this joy and power of life!

But, no. The dominion must be taken in your own mind. You must choose and

appropriate for yourself. To aspire, to resolve, to believe are stages to be passed in mind before their external fruiting is possible. Unless Sanford aspires to the higher life, resolves to live it and acts upon his resolution, of what avail is any effort of mine, except as my light gives him inspiration? My unceasing aim shall be to carry the light. How long I have sat here writing! It is nearly two o'clock in the morning, but I count no time wasted, my journal, that I spend with you. This mighty Truth fills me and must find expression. To live is to express. I am truly trying to live!

O Love! my God, my Life, I thank Thee!

AUGUST 10, 10 P.M.

This has been a day of proving. First, the children were all cross this morning.

It began by their being late to breakfast. Their father scolded, aunt Delia frowned, and then Marjorie cried. Dorry tipped over a glass of water that splashed all over her face and ran down her neck, at which she joined in Marjorie's chorus.

Donald pulled Beatrice's hair and Beatrice retaliated by pulling Donald's.

The wildest confusion reigned. How many times in the past I had asserted parental authority by shouting a desperate "Stop, immediately!" or a sharp, staccato "Don't!"

Was I tempted now?

Yes. A quick word rushed to my lips but it came no farther. "Love, live me. Life, be manifested." I breathed the words earnestly.

It was as though oil had been poured on troubled waters. Nothing had been said, but a single look at Donald caused him to drop his head in shame.

And then I laughed at Dorry and wiped her neck and called Marjorie to my side to whisper a secret about a big red apple I had seen down in the orchard.

Beatrice still pouted sullenly and I was obliged to speak firmly but gently, as I told her to go into the other room for a little while. Sanford looked on or listened indifferently but said nothing.

After breakfast I went in to talk to

Beatrice. She had not relented. On the contrary, she evidently felt very much insulted.

“Beatrice, darling, will you not speak the right word now — the word you can truly say that will take all this naughty feeling away?”

No answer.

“You know, dearest, it all lies with yourself, whether you will let that lovely child God made grow into a beautiful woman or whether you will listen to the naughty thoughts. I don’t want you to do right because I ask you, but because it is right. You are to choose for yourself. But wait until you see a reason for choosing. I am going out now so that you may have time to think about it. Mamma loves her precious girlie and feels sure she will choose wisely.”

I kissed her and went out.

On my return, half an hour later, Beatrice was still of the same mind. I left her again, telling her she could rap on the door when she had made a decision.

I took my sewing into the dining-room that I might be sure to hear the rap.

This was a new experiment, but I felt impelled to try it. Everything in the ordinary line of discipline had been tried in vain during the anxious years that had passed over Beatrice's head.

The minutes slipped by into hours. The mother self whispered: "You are overdoing the matter. Perhaps she is sick."

But Wisdom said: "Be true to your own convictions. Be firm enough to stand by what you think is the right way. Put self out of the question."

And I listened to this voice.

At eleven o'clock I heard a faint rap. Opening the door I looked in. There stood Beatrice, shamefaced but radiant.

"I choose to let the good girl grow, mamma!" She really looked like a different child. I showered caresses upon her because I "loved the good girl," and it was she who had spoken, I said.

We had a talk which I am sure she will never forget. She has been perfectly

angelic all day. I am so thankful that I let Wisdom instead of self guide me.

Donald came into my room before he went to bed. The wistful look in his eyes told me he wanted to have a little love talk. This was my opportunity. He sat down beside me and I put my arm around him with a loving touch.

After a long silence he said suddenly :  
“ Mamma, I wish I had n’t done what I did this morning.”

“ What was that, dear ? ” It was good for him to lay the matter before me, although I knew how hard it was for him.

“ Pull Beatrice’s hair.” This with his face buried on my shoulder.

“ I am sorry you did it, but I am glad you are brave enough to acknowledge that you did wrong. Do you remember the talk we had about governing yourselves ? ”

“ Yes, mamma.”

“ This power to think which God has given to each one of us has been given to use. We may use it wisely or foolishly. It is a great power. We might call it the engine that moves the body. The Will is

the engineer. Do you suppose the railroad companies could afford to have lazy, careless engineers?"

"Of course not, mamma!" sitting bolt upright and looking intensely interested.

"Can *you* afford to have such an engineer, Donald?"

He shook his head and then burst out with, "But, mamma, I always forget, and before I know it I've done something, so the engine's run off the track!"

"Do you really wish to keep it on the track and have the train run smoothly?"

But I did not wait for him to answer. "I know you do, dear boy, and now I will tell you how to manage the engineer. Every morning when you wake say over a hundred times at least: 'I will be thoughtful, kind, and loving in word and deed. I *will* to be good.' You can add more if you wish; but, Donald, to know that one *has the nature to be good, and the power to show it, and the will to let it be seen*, is to be able to build the noblest and truest kind of a character, is to have the *very best kind of an engineer*."



“That is what I want, mamma!”

Of course he does! There is not a boy nor girl living, large or small, but would want such an engineer, if they could only know what it means!

We talked a long time.

My boy's confidence is very precious. I am convinced that boys should be as close to the mother's loving heart as the girls, in confidence as well as affection. They should be taught the same code of morals, and be as frankly, as lovingly, and carefully dealt with.

How grandly the tangles are coming out of my mind! I never before really understood the necessity of treating children as individuals. By teaching them of the potential Life and Love within their own being, which they are privileged to express or repress, they learn to use their own will and power of self-control. They are led to voluntarily make decisions between right and wrong, and in this way develop strong individuality.

It is ignorance and lack of decision or responsibility that make weak characters.

Dorry has all her life been subject to occasional spells of screaming, and I have tried everything in the past to break her of it.

Yesterday the children were playing out on the lawn. Dorry suddenly began screaming at the top of her voice. When I went out to see about it, there she lay, under the hammock, kicking with all her might.

"Oh, where is my little love girl?" I called as I went up to her. "*Doree*, O *Dorothea*, where *are* you?"

The kicking and screaming grew worse.

"Sarah, have you seen my good girl anywhere? I know she is somewhere near, and if she could only hear she would answer."

"She was here only a minute ago," said Sarah, "and she was just as happy as a bird."

The screams had hushed somewhat.

"*Me is here!*" cried a cross baby voice.

"Come, Dorry!" I called, not noticing.

"*Me is here!*" the voice repeated.

"Oh, but the Dorry I mean is full of

love, and her words are soft and gentle. She smiles and laughs and plays, but she never kicks nor screams nor talks naughty a single bit. She is full of love."

The little form picked itself up and came from under the hammock.


"Doree! Dorryfea!" called a bright, hopeful voice, and after a moment's pause, "Now, mamma, Dorry *is* here!"

The little mouth was held up for a kiss. Did n't mamma give it with a joyful heart?

AUGUST 15.

Mrs. Tine has just gone. When I saw her coming, the old shiver of annoyance passed over my back, and for an instant I felt anything but hospitable. But the plummet line of my Life statement was dropped at once to the real truth, which is, that I cannot be *indifferent to anybody* when I look for their highest and best.

Presently she was telling something really heroic of herself in early life. She had given up her only opportunity for an education in order that a young brother might receive treatment at a hospital.




The money was spent and the brother died, but she was left to "pick up what she could" as she went along.

I felt an inward prick of conscience as she talked. How cruelly I had misjudged her in the past, when I had called her a tiresome gossip! As in a flash of light I saw that this very alertness to "pick up" was the same wide-awake faculty that had caused her to want an education, was the very same neglected, misdirected energy that made her a gossip. "Victoria True," I silently asked myself as she talked, "can you ever, *dare* you ever, judge by outward appearances only, as to what a person really is?"

And my soul responded: "No, I never can, and I never will."

I felt that she had taught me one of the great lessons. Oh, that I may have the simple child heart always, that will be willing to receive from others! I believe that *everyone* bears about with him a message of this Love, Life, and Truth of the Universe.

O Thou wondrous Three in One, open



Thou mine eyes that they may see, mine ears that they may hear. Take my lips and speak through them, take my hands and feet and use them for Thy service. Let my love be that which is Thy very self. O Perfect Love, let my life come forth and represent the all perfection of the Life unseen; let my consciousness of truth be one with that unvarying, absolute Verity which is the Truth of Truth.

. . . . .

SEPTEMBER 1.

The days have slipped like shining pearls into the sea of blessed memory. I look upon them as they shine and sparkle there throwing forth a thousand rainbow rays, each one of which reminds me of some phase of Love or Life which has been tried and proven.

Opportunities are at hand every day and hour to use in some way this precious Life knowledge, and I find that the more I use the better I understand it.

Many problems are still unsolved, and I can only wait till the light comes, but it will come and I wait. One point which



I have long been trying to decide is now very clear, and I shall act upon it at once.

The question is this: Is it right to allow aunt Delia to have anything to do with the training of my children when I plainly see that her methods and influence are injurious?

My convictions are very clear now, and they send forth a decided *no*. Aunt Delia has always had a critical, dictatorial way of speaking to all the children, although she loves them too, except Beatrice whom I think she dislikes. At any rate, she has seldom let an opportunity pass for reproving Beatrice and reminding her of her faults, regardless of the presence of any or all of the rest of the family. The result has been that Beatrice returned the dislike and, notwithstanding all I could say, is inclined to be very disrespectful and openly rebellious at times. For a while I thought there was a change in aunt Delia that would be permanent, but I cannot depend upon it. Of course I realize that it is altogether her ignorance, but am I to allow the petals of a child soul to be rudely torn

apart or injured so there can be no beautiful blossom?

*A thousand times no!*

What is human relationship, what are laws based on human weaknesses compared to the higher law—the law of soul development?


Yes, I know it will be hard—very hard—to take this stand and say to aunt Delia that I wish her to take no responsibility concerning the children; that henceforth she must neither command, correct, nor criticize. She may feel badly at first or angry, but I must not mind. I feel so kindly toward her, surely I can be wise and tender when I tell her.

SEPTEMBER 6.

It was three days ago, when aunt Delia attempted to punish Beatrice by sending her out of the room, that I spoke. I was kind and gentle but *very firm*.

She has not spoken to me since, and she has said a great deal to Sanford.

It seems hard for all concerned, but I can bear it and perhaps that will help them. Oh, if I could only teach them of this



wonderful Love that will put out all the hardness and bitterness, that will transform the sensitiveness into calmness, weakness into strength, for have I not seen this wrought out in my own experience?

Who could have been more sensitive, who more keenly alive to suffering? But — it is past; I have only to remember the Present and its victories.

Upon the Light, O Soul, keep thou  
Thy vision fixed, nor e'en in  
Memory turn back to shadows  
Thou hast left behind.  
The Light which is to thee  
Best known as Truth, transforms,  
Redeems, and strengthens, until  
Thou hast grown to the fulness  
Of the stature of thy Word,  
And thou canst hold the rein  
O'er every faculty of thy being,  
And so take up thy matchless  
Privilege of living.

SEPTEMBER 19.

Everyone has an inner heart chamber where his ideals and his sweetest memories or hopes are enshrined. But alas! if the door be locked and the windows sealed



so no sweet air of human fellowship may blow through to cleanse and freshen for wholesome use, this gallery of beautiful pictures!

In life's morning time there is such hope and aspiration and keen appreciation of the beautiful, such glorious pouring forth of sentiments and joys, that every window is open and the door flung wide, so all congenial souls may wander in and out, bringing or receiving grand inspirations, holy communion thoughts, and the sweet suggestion of unwrought harmonies of soul music.

He who receives and he who gives is alike blessed, and the life of each is rich with that interblending of the within and the without, which alone can make a life replete with Life and its wonderful unfoldings.

But morning merges into noon. The glow of hope wanes. The spontaneity and overflow of the inner life give place to the reserves and disappointments of the outer. Clouds lower. The door is shut! . . . This is the secret of stunted useful-

ness and embittered lives! Is there no way of opening this heart chamber, of reviving again the bright hopes, of restoring that warm faith in humanity which made fellowship a glad privilege?

Oh, that I might say to each one of this sad brotherhood and sisterhood: "Courage, heart! Look up! Do you not know the blue sky is away up there beyond the clouds? Only the clouds lower. The blue never does. Keep your thought on the blue. The air is pure and free and radiant there in the far-off spaces! The sun is *always* shining there. Remember that!


Soar like a bird on the pinions of thought, into this radiant realm and there from your shining height look down and see the clouds of doubt and sadness and disappointment melt and disappear. Feel again the buoyancy of hope and descend upon your earth with a new joy and a sweet content.

Then will the key turn in the lock and the magic door once more be opened.

Or if you find yourself entangled in the

cloud, stand still until it passes by and  
take with calmness what it has to give,  
knowing *all is good*.

'T is well, and well 't is so,  
For as the earth and all her under  
Spaces need right cleansing,  
So doth humankind, and the  
Storm but marks the fashion  
Of its cleansing.  
The quick, hot flash of Truth  
Leaps forth from souls  
Made wise by suffering  
And meets the baser metal  
Of the uncleansed life.  
'T is fired with the force  
And power of God, for  
Truth is but another name  
For God working.  
And ever in the time of  
Conflict, every soul that treads  
The higher path, is being washed  
From muck and dust of earthy  
Thinking.  
Every soul that lingers yet  
Amid the hot and low desires  
Of life, or treads with bleeding  
Feet the thorny path of doubt  
Or duty, is rent and torn  
With faint or forceful recognition  
Of the lightning's flash amid the storm.




'T is the lightning flash of Truth,  
And 't will burn the poisonous  
Vapors and the noisome garments  
That clothe benighted, sorrow-stricken minds.  
'T will cleanse and purge and  
Purify until the wretched  
Want and misery ignorance  
Brings, will be consumed,  
Leaving the clean white soul  
To stand fresh washed as  
Earth after the flood.

To stand unmoved amid mind elements  
That clash and roar is the mark  
Of true Divinity, and the signet  
Seal of royalty is stamped upon  
The brow of him who knows  
The reason why he stands.  
After storm comes calm,  
After tearing down, the building up,  
So doth the naked soul find  
Wondrous raiment for its hard-earned cleanliness.  
The rich wrought seamless robe  
Of Love shall clasp and fasten  
Near the heart, and, first of all,  
'T will keep the life of even tenor  
With its own true substance.  
'T will gauge the acts of daily living  
And keep the soul renewed and  
Cleansed by every thought that  
Mirrors forth its own sweet  
Nature.

'T will heal and bless and strengthen  
Till those who once put on this  
Robe, will be as angels are,  
But in an earthly heaven,  
Here or there, where'er they stand,  
Whate'er they do.  
And the words they speak  
Will glow with fadeless light,  
And wash away the night of  
Sorrow, pain, or woe, that hard  
Besets the still unwashed.  
With Love to temper Truth,  
'T will cause no storm of hard resistance.  
Like melting snow or summer  
Rain, 't will fall and wash away  
The pain or spot or taint of weakness,  
And in their place will drop the  
Dew of peace and the oil of joy,  
And other robes of Love's own  
Texture, web, and weaving  
Will be ready for the new cleansed souls  
When they, too, know the law  
Of standing fixed and faithful  
In the realm of Truth.  
Thus will earth angels fast increase  
And wider make the bounds  
Of heaven.

SEPTEMBER 20.

Aunt Delia came down looking so  
stonily miserable this morning that as  
soon as we were alone I went up to her



and put my arms around her neck and kissed her.

She was too astonished to speak and looked at me half-resentfully at first, then she gasped out : " Do you really mean it, child ? "

" Of course I do, auntie ! How can I help it when my heart is so full of love for the whole world ? " She broke down then and cried. . . . For a long time we said nothing, but she clung to me and held my hand with such a grasp that I knew the ice was fast breaking and that the great victory was won at last.

The lock was rusty and the door almost lost amid the dust of years that had gathered upon it, but this Love key had turned the lock and the secret door flew open ! Such a life story as dear aunt Delia poured into my ears !

Disappointment, pride, humiliation had made her hard and rebellious, until at last the rich juices of her nature had dried up, and the fountain of her human sympathies had ceased to flow. Then had followed pain and a long illness from which she

had risen with crooked, swollen joints. To the crippling of her mind had been added the crippling of her body.

This is what I gathered from her broken sentences and what was left unuttered. With soft touches and tender words I tried to heal the broken-heartedness. "Never mind, auntie. Let the past go. The sweet new life is before you, waiting. You will find such peace in it, such strength and joy"—

"I know it, child," she interrupted. "I have seen your self-renunciation, your patience, and your strength to bear. Tell me your secret, Victoria, and oh, forgive me for all my hatefulness! I want to love as you do!"

. . . For a long time we sat talking together. Such moments are connecting links between the outer and the inner world. They are like jeweled gates, as it were, opening into a fair country called heaven. And in this country we have but to wish, in order to spin and fashion, out of the Great Abundance whatsoever we may desire.

SEPTEMBER 23.

Even the children are inspired to look within. Beatrice is growing so thoughtful and helpful. "Mamma," she said as she came into my room this morning, "I know what you meant when you said we could make flowers grow!" She put her face close and added: "And I've started a whole lot of seeds!"

Bless the child! That little talk, given in my first happy days, has been an inspiration to her. Now I can understand the new Beatrice who has been with us these latter weeks.

The soul must know itself, its own possibilities as an individual, before it begins to express.

True child government is self-government. Beatrice has had a glimpse into her own soul of which she is dimly conscious, and with which she grows more and more at one as she relies upon it.

The Within to her is a flower garden where all manner of beautiful thought flowers may bloom, and over which she may have supreme control. The Within



to me is the heaven where Love radiates peace and strength and rich content, where the harmony of infinite Law merges into the harmony of finite expression.

The Within to another might mean the mind chamber of the well-trained conscience, but whatever we call it, or however we find it, it is in reality the Spirit of Truth which leads into all truth.

Another thing about Beatrice. She was helping Donald one day in choosing a poem for school recitation. One after another of her suggestions had been discarded, when she threw down the book and seemed about to make some impatient exclamation, when suddenly in the gentlest tones she said: "Well, Donald, I guess you don't like what I do, so you know better what to choose, and I'll like whatever you like as well as I can."

Instinctively she was putting herself and self's opinions aside. Instinctively she was learning to give to her brother his freedom of thought, speech, and action.

Why do I say instinctively?

Is it not the legitimate outcome of

the freedom of which she herself has tasted ?

Just as surely as the soul knows freedom it gives freedom.

There were gentleness, tolerance, patience displayed by the new Beatrice where there might have been just the opposite displayed by the old.

And who would have supposed a child of Dorry's age could be taught to look for the thought or suggestion that comes from the Within, that will tell her what is right and good ?

When I put her to bed a few nights ago she crept into the little white couch, saying, "Now, mamma, let us listen for Love's voice."

We kept very still for a few moments. Presently with a sweet smile she opened her eyes, saying, "Mamma, 'ou tan do down'tairs. Dorry'll do s'leep heyse'f, all by hey lone."

The cherub ! And she generally keeps me there as long as she possibly can !

O glorious age of childhood !  
Thou art sweet and pure and tender  
With the seed of hidden angelhood !

## TRUTH.

Knowing Truth, thy heart no more  
Will ache with error, for Truth shall show all  
Things subdued to thee as thou to Me.

— *Song Celestial.*

Truth is a silent Principle, waiting in the fastness of silence  
through the ages, for words to set it into manifest action.

— *Emma (Curtis) Hopkins.*

SEPTEMBER 25.

A telegram that Alice, my dear sister, is dangerously ill, reached us this morning. Sanford insists that I ought to go to her by all means ; assures me that all will be well while I am gone, and offers to do anything he can to help me off. (He is the kindest of men when he is as he used to be, and . . . I am so grateful that he is his better self at this crisis.)

Aunt Delia is very lovely too, and the children seem anxious to show me what they can do when left on their own responsibility. The housekeeper is willing. It is therefore decided that I start for Colorado on the 11.30 train to-night.

MANITOU SPRINGS, Colorado.

September 28, 11.30 P.M.

Alice did not know me when I arrived. They say she breathes a little easier now, though it is probably a question of only a few hours.

Oh, what a change in my dear one! Is there no hope? I can not, dare not think of it.

Am alone in my room, supposed to be resting, but my resting is in writing. . . .

I shall go down, sit with her and watch while the nurse is sleeping. . . .

SEPTEMBER 29, 9 A.M.

A great change has come. Alice knows me, and the doctor says she is out of danger.

I have had a wonderful experience. . . . When the doctor came at 2 A.M., he said she was dying. Her husband, myself, and the nurse were standing by the bedside. We were filled with the agony of grief and its dreadful powerlessness.

The thought that Alice, my beautiful, sunny-hearted sister, whom I had not seen for years, was to go away — was going now — paralyzed me. I seemed dimly to hear these words from the doctor, "Life almost extinct." "Life extinct? Never!" I vehemently asserted in my mind, and suddenly there flashed into memory all this wonderful truth about life that I have been pondering

over these latter months. Life cut off? It could not be! Life displaced when it was all potent? Was not that wonderful Something we call the Spirit greater than the body? "O Alice!" I cried with inexpressible earnestness, "come back to us! Your life is the Perfect Life. It is yours. You *cannot* lose it! Come, Alice, darling, listen! This life is for you *now* and *here!*" A world of unutterable love went into my voice and words. I scarcely realized the situation. I seemed talking from some higher plane than the consciousness of the moment before.

And then a great silence fell upon us all, but I was still carried on the resistless current of this mighty conviction of Life.

It was really but a few moments, but it seemed hours, when suddenly Alice opened her eyes and looked directly into mine, murmuring, "I heard you . . . Victoria. It is true; my life is"— She fell into a natural sleep, and we stood there amazed.

The doctor, after examining her pulse, drew a quick sigh of relief as he said:

"She is better. What produced this remarkable change I do not understand, but the prime fact is that she has made a turn for the better."

Of course, as he thought it over, he attributed the change to the peculiar but natural turning point which is characteristic of some diseases; but *I know* there was mysterious power in the words I spoke, and the feeling with which they were spoken.

Has not my whole life been changed by this word or thought power? And yet I did not know of such mightiness in the word as this!

I only know that dear Alice is saved, and I believe the profound experiences of these last nine months have in some way prepared me for this great emergency.

I am filled with awe and thankfulness.

And now for rest. . . .

OCTOBER 2.

Alice is improving steadily. The doctor considers her out of danger. I have been thinking a great deal about Life.

especially while sitting beside her, and always does she feel better at the time and after.

What is this strange power ?

I long so earnestly to know the truth about these things.

Perhaps now I will have more time for uninterrupted meditation. And I shall continually hold my mind open for more of Truth as I understand it, and as it may be revealed, while I am here amid this wonderful scenery !

I never saw mountains before. They are grander than I had thought, and their majesty is awe inspiring.

This morning I wakened very early, and arose to walk up the long, steep height (hill they call it here, but it is really a mountain) that rises back of the house. I wished to watch the sunrise.

Only a faint hint of the coming light lay over the sleeping valley. A strong piny odor filled the air, which was cold, but the freshness and strength it imparted, delightful.



With what wonder I watched the marvel of this dawn! I was in a strange, beautiful country, unfamiliar as it was beautiful.

The mountains seemed grim, shadowy monsters with huge towering bodies, and the valleys, wide uncertain spaces where their limbs should be, until the advancing day dispelled the mystery.

Through an opening in the eastern range I could see the beginning of the rose-red bar of light, could see it broaden and deepen until the sky looked like a rosy sea, with broken waves that paled and darkened and glowed with ever shifting beauty. From the deepest crimson to the pearly opal and pale green or matchless turquoise, the entrancing colors changed or deepened until the whole world seemed bathed in their brilliant radiance.

On every side the flood of glory beckoned to a fairy heaven. Surely the place was enchanted and the angel of the morning held aloft his wand of magic gems!

"Here," I thought, "here is the place to speak my Life word and Truth word,



here in the great Auditorium of Nature, where I can be alone in the infinite spaces of silence."

. . . I quaffed deep draughts of the piny, sun-kissed air. How far it had come, this splendid breath of the morning! From the far-off sea, over valley and plain and mountain, gathering in its course rich odors and strengthening cordials, until it seemed a very life elixir! Was not the very essence of Life itself back of it?

In exalted mood I opened every avenue of my being to the inspiration of the hour. With deep yearning I gave my soul to prayerful utterance.

"O Truth, I would know Thee! I would have Thee show me words or pictures I can understand. Open thou mine every sense to the knowing of Thy very Self!"

. . . These words have been with me all the day. They express my heart's desire.

OCTOBER 3.

I had such a sweet talk with Alice this morning. She told me what a peculiar

experience she was having when I called her so earnestly to come back to life.

She remembered walking in a dense forest. The way was strewn with *débris*, as though some awful storm had passed through the place. Great trees lay across her path, and she found herself entangled in thick brambles and bushes that tripped her feet and scratched her hands and brushed against her face continually. And through it all she seemed following someone who went in advance, whose face or form she could not see, but who by some mysterious power compelled her to walk just where she did.

She fell headlong several times. She tore her clothes, but still she dared not turn back nor stop to rest a moment.

Through the wood such darkness reigned! No moon, no stars, and but the smallest gleam of light from a bit of candle she carried in her hand, which seemed to make the darkness more frightful than it would have been without.

"How long is this dreadful road!" she cried in despair, trying to force her way

through the briars and bend them back from her face. Then she dropped the candle and struggled on in total darkness. She cried out again, but no answer came from the one she followed.

Suddenly from the depths of her very soul came words that had a strange, new meaning.

"Alice," she heard, "be still. Resist nothing. In stillness you will find the Power that guides. Cease your struggles, and rest on the bosom of Peace, and trust it supremely. Find your higher self and you find all things. *Be still. Resist nothing.*"

Then she heard my voice, which she dimly recognized, calling, "O Alice! come back. Yours is the Perfect Life!" . . .

And as she stood, half-dazed, the darkness melted away, and instead of the forest in which she had suffered so much, she found herself in a grassy pasture, green, and sweet with clover bloom. A brook with its still clear waters meandered by, and she looked upon its surface. She saw reflected there her own face, peaceful,

fresh, and beautiful as it had been when she was a child.

She knew then she had gained new life — knew that she trusted and was not afraid. . . . She opened her eyes and spoke to me. . . .

I can readily see how her disturbed and suffering physical condition might have produced the uncomfortable dream, if such it was, but what caused the inner Voice, and what mysterious connection was there between my mind and hers?

Is it possible that a thought circuit was formed which united our two planes of consciousness and made them one?

If so, by what process are thoughts transmitted?

Is there really any transmission to that which may not be dealt with in material fashion, since thought is not material? These and many other questions we pondered without solution.

. . . But in due time the answer will come. I am learning to trust this way of silent, earnest questioning. Dear Alice has had some strange experiences. We

will have much to talk about when she is stronger. . . .

ON THE HEIGHTS, OCTOBER 10.

It is a little past noon and I am away up here where I can see the grand view stretching out and up before me. I wish I could spend a portion of every day in this wonderful spot. . . . I will, and bring you to bear me company, my journal.

What superb rest to be here in this balmy air and look out on the glorious scene!

The sun shines brightly on the sides and rocky fronts of the nearer hills and peaks. The valley lies bathed in the golden glory, and the leaves of every cedar or mountain oak glisten like silver shields as the light falls straight upon them. Shimmering clouds of filmy white wind gracefully around the distant summits or drop in lacelike patches far beneath on the sloping shoulders of the smaller mountains.

In the blue vault above float wandering cloudlets, like flocks of snowy sheep seeking new pastures.

Ah, now I am in my Auditorium of Silence! Now I can breathe in a consciousness of Truth as I breathe in this magnificent air!

Would'st thou know this Voice  
That speaketh in thee?  
'T is the Voice of thine own soul  
And speaketh only when the  
Self is still.  
Thou art both self and soul,  
Two phases of the One, and as  
Wondrous image of most high God  
Thou hast gift of dual knowing,  
Seeing, being, and it needs must  
Be, thou knowest self in action,  
And soul in deep serenity.  
That which thinks and holds and  
Draws unto itself for senses' sake,  
Is self, still in its ignorant sleep.  
That which knows and speaks  
From out the universal centre of Love.  
Or Life divine, and maketh even  
Self to shine with wakened glory,  
Is the soul — the soul that ever  
Beareth mark of oneness with the  
Over Soul. 'T is thy Individuality, the  
God within thee, and that which  
Maketh thee to know and be and do,  
With true, Divine authority.  
The human will is link

Between the self and soul,  
This will illumined with soul love  
Transmutes the self, until they  
Twain become as one, and  
The water of humanity is changed  
To wine of pure Divinity.  
The soul alone knows Truth  
And through transfigured self  
Expresses to the outer world  
The glory of the inner knowing.  
Then are the words thou speakest  
Filled with heavenly riches —  
Yet words are but the comb  
In which the honey lies, a noble  
Thought the honey. 'T will run,  
A stream of sweetness into every life  
It meeteth, when once 't is started well.  
Truth demands true living —  
No swift condemning of the evil nor  
The good should pass thy heart  
Nor lips. No judgment word should  
E'er be spoken that might harm  
Or hurt another.  
'T is true indeed that in Truth's  
World, *there is naught but Good,*  
*These words are full of life. . . .*  
If perchance the moment  
Comes, when ill words flit about  
Like birds with broken wings,  
Then the magic of Truth's council  
Shall appear most glorious if 't is  
Followed.



Stop thy evil thinking.  
Speak of the Fair and Perfect,  
Of the Beautiful and True —  
Always is God's image whole —  
Always heaven at hand, yea, even now  
Within thee.  
Keep thought within thy heaven —  
That unbroken wholeness of the  
Soul, in which thou may'st  
Abide. Words that spring from  
Out this wholeness will even  
Mend the outer part, the body,  
Or the mental state, and  
Bring them health as perfect as  
That within thy soul, which God  
Made and gaveth thee.  
The suffering, restless light within  
Thine eyes will be changed  
To the radiance of a star in heaven,  
And thou wilt find thyself abiding  
*In the realms of Peace.*

I had taken but a few deep breaths and then composed myself to wait in silence when *from within I heard these inaudible words*. I have written them as they came. . . .

How wonderfully they answer questions I have long been asking! How they confirm what I have before only dimly per-



ceived as Truth! . . . I see the shadows stealing over the mountains. . . . My watch tells me I have been here over three hours! Is it possible? The sun will set behind the western peaks in another hour. I must go back to Alice.

EVENING, 10 P.M.

And here is still another wonderful page to this day's record.

When I went into Alice's room on my return from the mountain before I said a word she looked at me with bright eyes, exclaiming, "I know all about it, Victoria!"

"What!"

"Yes; I seemed to be with you. Part of the time I knew exactly what you were writing and I could see you sitting under the fir tree by the little empty brook bed that runs down the west side of Agate Hill. And oh, it was so restful and beautiful, was n't it?"

"Why, Alice!"

Alice looked so well and happy and so like her old self, surely she knew what she was talking about, I thought.

"Oh, do not be incredulous, Victoria! I tell you I saw your journal, and even a blot on one of the last pages that you were writing."

How could I be incredulous? This was exactly true. I even opened the book and let her see the blot on the last page but one.

What could it mean?

We talked and wondered over it a long time. Finally Alice, whose mind seemed preternaturally active, gave what is to me a very clear explanation, although it was evolved through many questions, surmises, and halting sentences, but the essence of the matter I will state as briefly as possible.

There is but one Mind. It is all inclusive, above all, in all, through all, under all. It is, as Emerson says, "the one Mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same, and all of the same."

(How Alice could remember to quote Emerson at this time, I cannot say, but she did, as I just read in the book from which I have copied the quotation.)

This Mind is continually thinking thoughts. Thoughts are mental images. When they become externalized they are visible things.

Thoughts, being immaterial, are not subject to nor circumscribed by material conditions, not even space; hence, to think a thought is to place the mental image exactly where the place, person, or thing thought about is externally imaged. The "inlet" to this Mind may be called a consciousness, and there are as many of these as there are human beings.

Differentiation of thought images constitutes different planes of consciousness.

People of similar tastes, desires, or natural tendencies often think from the same plane of consciousness, and consequently have similar thought images or the same thought atmosphere in which thought images are formulated. This makes possible a merging of consciousness, which, translated, would be a record of seeing the same object, having the same thought or experience simultaneously. To see objects, places, or conditions through this

kind of mental vision is called clairvoyance or clear-seeing. It is a psychic development of the sense of sight or the use of sight in the middle realm.

This is the explanation of Alice's experience this afternoon. Being in the same thought atmosphere (we are at present, at least), her consciousness was one with mine. What I experienced, she experienced. What I saw, she saw, although she did not see all the words I had written.

I can readily understand why she had but a partial glimpse. Because she probably was not passive enough to be in perfect sympathy with my state of consciousness.

Sometimes the sense of hearing is developed in this way; that is, we may come into oneness with the sound realm on this interior or middle plane. . . .

Alice talked on and on until I felt that she must stop, and told her so.

"I will stop, Victoria, if you think best, but I am not in the least tired, and it seems as though I *know* so much! Oh, if I could only put into clear, simple words

all that I am realizing now, we would understand more about these things!"

And then she went on to tell about processes and vibrations and thought currents and mental laws, until I rose in tragic despair, saying I didn't want to hear another word, and wouldn't listen another minute.

I thought she had talked enough; besides, I saw John coming and knew his first words would be: "Had a nice nap, dear?" and that would mean if she had not had it, that she must have it, in all of which I was quite right.

. . . And so this wonderful day is over! How little we know when we live only on the outside of things!

OCTOBER 12.

It rained this afternoon; after the shower we saw a beautiful rainbow. One end spanned the eastern mountain, and the other seemed to drop into the cañon just below us.

Hovering over the valley and rising to meet the sunlight were the softly moving mists that curled in graceful wreaths about

the gray and rugged outlines, or fell like shreds of fairy wedding veils over objects in their upward journey. Later, when the sun disappeared behind the peaks, a high wind brought masses of brilliant clouds scurrying over the high summits.

One after another they came, rose-red, salmon, copper, and molten gold, till the arch above seemed flaming with broken billows of matchless glory. Long shafts of radiant pink, blue or palest green stretched like slender fingers toward the eastern plains, as though pointing to a land of promise.

Then the dusky shadows came creeping over the lower scene, and slowly the glory of the heavens paled and faded. Amber, gold and pink, gave place to the soft radiance of twilight. One by one the stars came out like lanterns in the sky, and the magic day was ended. . . . Alice and I have had a long, sweet evening together. She is entirely well. Even John admits that nothing we do seems to hurt her, although he looked with a jealous eye on all my movements in regard to her at first.

John is so kind and gentle and *companionable*! I wonder if Alice really appreciates what a splendid husband he is. I think she does. . . .

John was called away, so we have been alone the whole evening. We read over what I wrote that day on Agate Hill. Alice thinks it is something quite profound. I see more in it the oftener I read it, but of course like every other spiritual statement it *has to be lived, in order to be proven*. I have passed through much of it in experience already. There is a deeper significance to the "Two phases of the One," than even Alice sees. It will come to her sometime and she will see how much it will explain of this wonderful thing we call the soul.

. . . Alice's healing was surely a demonstration of this part of the message:—

"Words that spring from  
Out this wholeness will even mend  
The outer part, the body,  
Or the mental state." . . .

They were my words in this case, but they certainly sprung from out the whole-




ness — at least the contemplation of wholeness, for had I not been dwelling constantly in the thought of perfect Love, perfect Life until my whole life had been changed? And out of the great conviction of the Perfect I spoke.

She heard the message either through the physical or psychic plane, and it conveyed to her consciousness the conviction that was in mine. And this conviction so impressed the thought image of health (for health is the physical expression of perfect life) that all other thought images faded from her consciousness, and the body expressed this one.

We had gone so far in our analysis, and felt that this was quite satisfactory, but we wanted to know about the law of expression, by what process is this change produced in the physical?

Alice began saying something about thought currents, but it was not clear, and we were obliged to wait for something to be revealed later. We both have faith that all these questions will be solved



when we are developed enough to understand their solution.

Strangely enough, Alice has been having somewhat similar experiences to mine the past year, although I think hers have been more of a psychic than a spiritual nature.

An understanding of spiritual law is necessary in order to understand the psychic, but I think Alice is remarkably fortunate in having a combination of gifts that enables her to *learn* through her experiences, instead of being deceived by them. By what she has told me, I see that psychic development might be disastrous to many people — to *any* indeed, who are not naturally positive and guided by strong judgment.

The understanding of spiritual law should come first, because spiritual law is the higher and all inclusive, and therefore explains the psychic. The spiritual deals with the universal, the psychic with the particular. The spiritual is limitless, the psychic is limited. The spiritual is positive and perfect. The psychic is negative and imperfect. The spiritual is the

abstract or formless, the psychic the concrete (in the mental), and relates to forms, relations, parts.

With the spiritual understanding the psychic realm is interpreted.

Alice has much of the spiritual insight, and she has been able to interpret and make use of many of her psychical experiences. Together we have elucidated points that were quite hidden before.

Some time ago she discovered a helpful method for putting herself into the passive or receptive attitude of mind in order to gain new light on any subject.

She fixes her thought on what she desires to know, concentrating either upon a word, or merely the earnest desire. While holding the word or desire mentally, she takes several long, deep breaths, holding each a moment and then exhaling. After five or ten minutes of this exercise, she lets go the word, lets the breath come as it will, and relapses into a waiting silence, neither intense nor anxious, but quietly expectant. Any easy position of

body is essentially helpful, except a reclining one.

Generally she is conscious of what she calls an influx of thoughts, but of course it is not really an influx ; it is more an educating or bringing into consciousness the hidden knowledge of her own soul, or the translation of thought images with which she becomes at one. Sometimes she sees visions. If she does, she can usually interpret them. The visions, of course, belong to the psychic realm. They are thought images representing either ignorant or relative conditions, or absolute truth of Spiritual law.

I shall try the method, although it is much the same as that which came to me on the mountain, or which I have glimpsed in other ways. . . .

Such good news comes from home, and they all tell me to stay as long as I wish. That rare privilege I think I shall accept. How can I afford to go away now when every day brings such revelations !

The old foolishness about being away from the children comes over me occa-

sionally, but I know it is foolishness, so do not mind its suggestions. If I could never leave them, how could they prove so well their self-reliance, and how could I prove my trust in them? Besides, are they not ever with me in my love and loving thoughts? In love there is no absence; and am I not preparing through this wonderful knowledge to be a better mother and a better guide to them?

Sanford has only written me once. Oh, if I could only touch him with this! — but there! Never mind, my heart. . . .

In silence and patience leave this matter to work out its perfect end.

OCTOBER 13, 6 A.M.

Have had such a precious experience this morning!

All night, even in my dreams, I seemed searching for more knowledge of the healing process and the law of transition from the mental to the physical plane of expression. When I sat in the silence so much came to me that I must write it down at once.

I had been sitting some time holding very earnestly to my desire for truth. I was *very, very* still — in such a stillness as it is impossible to describe. My eyes were closed, but suddenly I saw a wavering, creeping motion of the air, which went forth in an undulatory line straight from me to a point about a foot from my vision. Here the line was met by another. As they merged into one, a nebulous, mist-like nucleus appeared, very small, but distinct and of apparently growing solidity. Undulatory lines were converging from all sides, and the nucleus increased in size and developed in form, until I saw before my delighted gaze a most perfect rose, fair and pink and perfect as any rose just taken from its parent stock.

This was an illustration of the process through which the visible is educed from the invisible, and the name of the process is Vibration.

During the whole work of formation, even from the first undulatory line, I was in a wonderful state of knowing. There is no other way to describe it. . . . I hope,

at least in a faint way, to write some of this knowledge as it came then.

. . . It was thought which produced the undulating lines or vibratory waves, and the thought was of two kinds or qualities — positive and negative.

The meeting of the two first formed the mistlike appearance, which finally shaped into the perfect rose through the continued action and reaction of the Vibrations. This whole occurrence, however, took place in the psychic or middle realm. On the same principle the growing rose and all things in the objective universe are formed. Thought stuff is invisible, and not until two supplementary thought qualities meet is a vibration visible or the effect manifested in form.

There are many degrees of human vibration, varying according to the essential calibre of thoughts; that is, whether they are based on a consciousness of high spiritual truth, or on a recognition of conditions and objects in the relative or phenomenal world. The more spiritual the thought the finer the vibration.

Thoughts held with intense feeling or conviction produce rapid vibrations, and therefore rapid changes, as in case of sudden fright, when the heart may cease to beat and the body fall in a swoon.

In quick healing there is either conscious or unconscious oneness of the thought quality of the two individuals, which makes a quick vibration possible, hence a quickly restored body. The body is healed in the same way that a room is heated, providing this fusion of thought takes place and the vibrations are started. Self-healing is accomplished through perfect mental harmony, which causes harmonious vibrations in the body and finally a whole or harmonious condition.


Vibration changes the molecular atoms of the body, whether this vibration be produced by thought or by sound or by the use of drugs.

It is said to be a scientific fact in the physical realm of knowledge that so powerful are the vibrations produced by the marching of soldiers to the music of the band that in crossing a bridge they often



break step to prevent the destruction of the bridge. This is one kind of physical vibration; the mental is more ethereal, but even more powerful on its own plane, providing conditions are so adjusted as to express it. Since the human being presents three phases of expression; that is, the physical, mental, and moral, or spiritual, he has capacity to put himself in accord with the vibratory law of either or all of these phases, each of which governs in its own realm.

The consciousness rules the man, for man is continually expressing that of which he is conscious. This implies a willingness and freedom to choose his type of thinking. If the physical or natural attracts him, he is in accord with the physical vibration. His body registers his choice. He has many traits characteristic of the lower or higher natural, because his thought and body respond to vibrations on those planes. The lower natural is the pure animal, the higher the realm of pure nature. On the lower he has tendencies, impulses, activities common to the animal,



because the same vibration rules both. On the higher he enjoys the beauties of Nature, often retiring to her woods and fields and running brooks for the rest and healing that he needs. He receives the rest or the healing through his conscious or unconscious sympathy with and appreciation of the beauty he sees all about him, and because of this his body responds to Nature's peaceful vibratory action which ever expresses harmony.

On the spiritual plane his thoughts have wide range and take him to a higher, clearer consciousness than Nature can give, because through this he sees the meaning back of Nature. As a result of the clear and lofty consciousness his vibrations are finer and more potent and accord with the higher laws of Cause.

There is a constant blending and inter-blending of these planes of vibration, and a constant adjustment from one plane to another, so that a person seems at times to attract and at other times to repel, to be attracted and to be repelled to or from

persons or conditions according to the predominating quality of vibration.

In the universal thought atmosphere there are thought currents or vibratory conducting waves which convey similar thought images to those on sympathetic planes of consciousness.

In this way messages are conveyed instantly, while the letter is still in the mail-car. In this way, without a knowledge of the law or even a desire to have a message conveyed, a person a thousand miles from home may be passing through an experience of which one or several at home or elsewhere may be conscious at the time of its occurrence.

In this way disease may often seem contagious when it is really the thought image of disease which is accepted by the consciousness that knows not how to discriminate.

The prevailing mental attitude rules the body, which is as a passive instrument registering the quality of thought by the manifest quality of vibration and expression. A consciousness inert and indif-

ferent to or ignorant of the truth or harmony of Life is filled with thoughts of discouragement, despair, grief, fear, anger, or the like, either of which is negative and gives the body a low quality of vibration, so that the functions are disturbed or inactive, and the whole machine falls back or loses time, like an engine for lack of coal.

A consciousness, on the contrary, alert and active in searching for and adjusting knowledge of the higher spiritual laws of Cause and Effect, and filled with thought images of cheer, confidence, and love, will keep its instrument in good reporting order, and the vibrations of Universal Love and Life will descend from the spiritual to the mental, and from the mental to the physical plane, until perfect moral, mental, and physical vibrations are secured, and perfect health is established.

I hear the breakfast bell. Alice will soon call for me on her way downstairs. How little has been written, but how much more might be !

## EVENING.

John went away soon after breakfast this morning, and when we went upstairs again I read to Alice all this about Vibrations. She was delighted. She did not seem much surprised because, as she said, much of it had come to her, though not in a way she could express; "but I have noticed," she added, "that when I begin to desire knowledge very earnestly on any point, sooner or later it is sure to come, either directly from within or from some person or book."

"That must be the unconscious correlation in the thought atmosphere which finally brings conscious unity in outward expression. We know the knowledge in books is not in them but expressed *through* them; we know, too, that there is no arbitrary exclusion from knowing what any person knows, except the exclusion made by our own ignorance, so that to leave the mind or 'inlet,' as Emerson calls it, open, is to finally become conscious that we know what we desired to know and much more. I

think I have proven a great deal of this already," said I earnestly.

"That is the very reason either of us can understand this revelation, for that is what it is. How could we understand all this about healing if we had not had an experience?" Alice went on. "Now I know my own case is a perfect illustration. I was actually brought back from death, I verily believe, and this explains the process."

"Yes," I said, "it explains many things. I have never really considered the healing in this way, but now I think of it during this whole time since the great change in my life I have been perfectly well, and the whole family have too. The children rarely have even a cold. I wonder if it can be this wonderful harmony of thought in which we have lived?" I continued musingly, for this idea opened a vast field for speculation.

"Why not? I believe there is a great deal of the experience of our whole lives that will substantiate the theory. I know many times when I have had a terrific headache John has come home with some

pleasant surprise for me or some startling news, and the ache would be gone before I knew it. I suppose that is explained as a change in Vibrations?"

"According to these statements, yes; and putting all we have learned together we have a definite system of discipline for making life a success in every sense of the word," said I, referring to the many experiences and teachings that have been recorded in your pages, journal.

"Oh, I am so thankful you came to me, Victoria! The wonderful Good does everything for us!" cried Alice in her impetuous way, as she gave me a warm kiss and furtively wiped a tear from her eyes.

ON THE HEIGHTS, OCTOBER 15.

AT NOON.

Another perfectly golden day. We climbed to the very top of Agate Hill and then came to a narrow ridge, on one side of which is Williams' Cañon. The precipitous sides appear appallingly steep.

Far below on the other side is the road to Grand Caverns. It looks like a



red ribbon thrown carelessly beside the crystal line of crookedness called Fountain Creek.

Farther up on the other side of the stream is the Midland Railroad. We saw a long train with engine on either end come winding round and round a curve and enter in quick succession a series of seven tunnels. It was a grand sight to see it sweeping into the hills on one side and coming out on the other. The smoke curled up in dense clouds and then faded into thin blue wreaths of drapery that only enhanced the beauty of the scene.

And oh, it is so beautiful! Amid these grand mountains I feel at home, as though no other place could give me quite the strength and inspiration that I get with these glorious hills, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," as though no other skies could smile quite so lovingly upon me, no other sunshine be quite so balmy.

And yet it is the Something within me — the consciousness of Love, of Life, of Truth — that enables me to appreciate the grandeur and beauty before and around




me. . . . The possibility of inspiration, strength, beauty is everywhere when consciousness awakes to their quality within. If they were not within, they could never be found without. . . .

We are here under the little clump of firs, where so much has come to me. Alice is basking in the sunshine, almost asleep, as I write.

. . . . .  
I said: "Oh, would there could be touched some secret spring by which the gates would open wide into that rare sun-land of the Spirit, where all Beauty doth abide!" and lo! a Thought of white beneficence leaned close and touched my heart.

My higher Self stood up, unfurled her shining wings, looked out upon wide fields of beauty, and with a joyous heart took flight.

She rose to wondrous heights of space, rose far above the peaceful scene on which the sunshine lay like limpid gold, and where the air seemed but a mantle of exquisite warmth; rose up and up into a



new ether and a new light, where matchless tints and shades of color enclosed her like an atmosphere, and there, as 't were in some mighty opal's heart, she rested.

Upon her face and form in quick succeeding change the flashing colors gleamed and wrought most marvelous effects. She found her mind in varied mood, according as the colors came and went.

The shining clearness of the emerald imparted consciousness of growth, a sense of vital interest in all that lives or moves in seen or unseen realms.

The softened, beauteous tint of rose, brought tenderness of heart, a selfless love that would go forth to bless and save and strengthen all responsive lives, but when the deeper red fell on her face the self was dominant and fiercely yearned to draw all pleasures and all loves into its own domain, to there enjoy and hold as one possession.

In its turn the glowing red passed by, and as the dull opaqueness of unanswering white cast its veil upon her, a sense of deadness and indifference and unclear

vision stole through all her being. Life and thought were unilluminated.

Suddenly a yellow flash, as from a golden topaz, transformed the deadness into life. Wisdom, great, beneficent, universal, found place and voice within her.

The faint, soft haze of blue that followed, brought sense of Truth's fair knowledge mingled with that peace that ever follows Truth, and when the royal purple like a mantle folded her about, a regal strength, a power sublime, and yet most kindly in its nature, possessed her whole intent, as though 't would move her to the doing of some noble deed.

Then issued forth a stream of light from her own heart, a stream of diamond clearness, and it rose about her in a spraylike incense until the air was cleared, and this crystal radiance ensphered the earth.

This was the essence of them all — the heavenly whiteness wherein dwells grace of every virtue, and the seed of every color. In this white glory was she quite transfigured to e'en more wondrous beauty. It was the Love which is divine, which

reaches out to all alike, and fills the need of every heart to full and rich content, to which this radiance bore witness.

. . . Once more she moved through boundless space until she reached the earth, and then the vision passed.

I found Alice looking at me very intently. "What are you writing now, Victoria? Your face looks almost glorified," she said.

I read what I had just written. She wiped her eyes when I finished.

"Is it not beautiful?" she exclaimed. "And this is just what I have wanted to know for a long time. I so often see colors when I shut my eyes. This gives a hint of what they mean."

"Yes; every color corresponds to an idea and has its special significance."

"If we could only translate color, form, and sound, we should be able to read the hieroglyphics of Nature," mused Alice in a half-undertone.

"And understand the meaning and processes of Creation," I added.

. . . Very thoughtfully we descended the rocky path towards home. The lights and shadows played fitfully over mountain and valley and in the distance Pike's Peak, veiled in trailing cloud drapery, towered straight into the clear, blue vault above, a fitting symbol of the grandeur of human aspiration.

MANITOU SPRINGS, OCTOBER 17, 7 A.M.

A single brilliant star set in the midst of a saffron sea, was the vision that lay on the eastern plains when I first opened my eyes upon the fair dawn of this, my last day in the mountains. This afternoon I begin the home journey. I leave this grand scenery with its snow-capped peaks, its glowing skies, its balmy sunshine, but I take with me three weeks of blessed memories, the pictures of which will never fade, the inspiration of which will never cease. . . .

. . . I go with so much to tell the dear ones. . . . It seems to me now that Sanford, too, will be glad to hear of these great things that have come to us. He

was always fond of Alice, and I am sure he will be glad to hear of how she got well. I have not been able to say very much to him about my own experiences, but I have tried to be patient and still — yes, even to you, journal. I have kept silent because it was best not to emphasize, even by writing, that which I wished to change; and I have hoped and hoped. . . . The few moments before breakfast are already used; I hear Alice coming; the trunk must be packed directly, so now I close until the home-coming.

## LIVING.

Give, as the morning that flows out of heaven !

Give, as the waves when their channel is riven !

Give, as the free air and sunshine are given !

Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give !

Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live !

— *Rose Terry Cooke.*

HOME, OCTOBER 25.

Almost a week since I returned, and every moment filled!

The children follow me about everywhere. Bless the darlings! I am really, almost tearfully proud of them. They have been planting "Love gardens," Marjorie says, and what a plentiful crop of blossoms and fruit and vegetables they are cultivating! That means self-reliance, honor, respect, and all the other virtues. . . . There is no danger now but they will turn into the right path when it comes to choosing, because they are choosing every day.

Really, I never imagined the vast difference between governing a child and letting him govern himself. I suspect it has been rather hard for aunt Delia to let them alone, notwithstanding her good intentions; but she has done bravely, for Beatrice confidentially whispered that aunt Delia had been very nice while I was away.



She is much interested in what I have told her of Alice's experience, but nothing seems to interest Sanford. That first night he was so kind and so glad to see me I had great hopes. . . . If he had only an idea of what this would mean to him, but he has not. If by any possible means I could get him to become interested! It would change him so wonderfully! . . . But there is nothing to do but wait and let him have liberty to go his own way.

And my patience and hope and love shall go with him!

NOTE.— There were teardrops on this page and traces of some words that had been erased, and then there was a long break in the journal, which had not another entry until the following May.

AT HOME, MAY 16, 18—.

So long, journal, but I have not forgotten you. . . .

The very next day after my last entry aunt Delia fell and broke her hip. This meant a great change for all of us. Every moment I could get, aside from other duties, was spent with her. . . . To what good use I put all the philosophy I had gained through my own experience!

Really, it seemed as though those wonderful weeks in the mountains had prepared me for this emergency, and others which followed. . . .

The philosophy stood the test grandly, and now even aunt Delia herself is rejoicing over all that happened. But at first it was quite different. She seemed to forget for a few days all her insights into the better life, and the efforts she had made towards living it. Her old pettiness and bitterness came back. She was the aunt Delia of the dark years and the hard years, but that was all the more reason why I should rouse and redeem her.

I read and explained the theory that thought could change the bodily conditions, until she resolved to try the new way herself. And then the battle was more than half-won. As long as she persisted in being gloomy and anxious, it was almost useless for me to say anything, but at last she learned to believe in the possible, and speak from that basis. In less than a week she had acquired a sincere cheerfulness. And it had an effect. The

inflammation began to subside. The relaxed and easy condition of mind produced a corresponding condition of body.

The doctor was amazed at her rapid recovery. We experimented continually. Aunt Delia discovered that she could really overcome pain and sleeplessness, as well as anxiety, by turning her thought into pleasant channels, and letting go all other thoughts. We demonstrated to our perfect satisfaction that persistent holding to positive or cheerful thought, would change the sensations, temperature, and physical conditions, as well as the mental attitude.

There were times when she seemed to make no progress, times when the old discouragement would threaten to overwhelm her completely, but the darkness would pass finally, and the brightness be all the more apparent. . . .

Now, looking back over the months that have passed, we see what miracles have been wrought. Her hip is not only well, but the rheumatic swelling of the knees and ankles with which she has been

troubled for so many years, is disappearing. We have hopes of a complete restoration.

Why not? It may take some time to bring all the nerves, muscles, tissues, etc., into the right vibratory action with the new state of thinking, but when we know the law we can wait with full faith in perfect fruition.

Happiest change of all is in the character. Yes, she is the very reverse of what she used to be. She is being modeled anew by the invisible Thought artist of her own soul.

But I must not stop to philosophize. There are so many stories I might tell of the demonstrations in the family life. . . . After aunt Delia began to get better, Marjorie, my dainty, little star-eyed flower, was taken very ill. This was another opportunity to prove the new philosophy, and my strength to apply it.

When I first saw the dear, sweet face flushed and suffering, my heart almost stood still with fear. What should I do? Where should I fly for help?

But I suddenly remembered that I was actually creating through my fear more of the same negative thought waves that were already pictured on her body. The child was so sensitive (as most children are) she had reflected some of the mental cloud currents of doubt or fear or anxiety, either outside the family atmosphere, or in it. It was my duty to dispel the clouds and free her from their folds, rather than aggravate her condition by any similar thought quality from me.

I went apart by myself and resolutely looked at the situation. I must conquer my own fear. That was imperative. And I did conquer it. Then I went back to the dear one. I thought of Love until the mightiness of this Love that had wrought such marvelous changes in my life came over me imparting a great wave of warm confidence and splendid mental strength.

. . . This was the "unbroken wholeness of the Soul, from which words might spring that would even mend the outer part." I remembered it all. (Have I not studied

these messages until every word is stamped in gold upon my wall of memory?)

I could almost feel the change taking place within the child; and sure enough, in a few moments she was sleeping peacefully.

When Sanford came in half an hour later, he declared she must have the doctor.

This was another kind of test. I really did not see the need I told him, but he felt quite as strongly that there was need, so the doctor was called.

For Sanford's sake it was right for me to yield. He must have his right of choosing as well as I. It seemed hard for a moment, as though perhaps I was unfaithful to my own Principle, and then I let it all go. How could I be unfaithful if I were true in heart and kept my thought "in my own heaven"?

The doctor said Marjorie had scarlet fever, but she was all over the fever, the swollen tonsils, and every disagreeable symptom in three days, though she was

kept in her room several weeks. All this is part of the victory and must be recorded.

The rest of the children have been well, and so blessedly happy! Dorry is completely cured of her screaming fits.

MAY 19, 18—, 9 P.M.

Violet Mercer stopped at the gate last evening as I stood there watching the sunset with the children, who were running about, sometimes leaving me quite alone, sometimes returning with a remark or a question.

Violet watched and listened a while in silence. "What a lovely mother you are, Mrs. True!" she said impulsively, at last.

And then before I could recover myself she added: "I have wished a good many times I had such a mother."

"Bless you, little Violet, I will be a mother to you! Come right in now and let us have a real heart talk," I answered, and drew her gently through the gate and twined my arm in hers.

There were tears in her eyes and she

did not answer, except to press my arm as we walked toward the house.

A soft tender twilight glowed about us, and the first glimpse of the full moon through the leaves greeted us as we stepped upon the porch. There was a quietness in the air and a subtle influence in the sleepy evening sounds that invited confidences. The children confined their play to the further corner of the lawn, and their voices sounded faint and far away.

And then the dear child told me things that made my heart ache, or would if I had stopped to let them, but instead my thought hurried on to the bright side of the picture.

"Never mind, dear," I said, "be free to come to me with everything. I can truly be your mother because my mother heart goes out to you, and because Love has drawn you to come to me."

What she needed was mother love, mother confidence and teaching, such as all young people need.

Violet's mother, who is gone now, was a well-meaning, kindly disposed woman,



but she never talked freely nor made a confidante of her children. I suppose she did not know how. There are so many mothers who would cultivate a richer, fuller motherhood if they only knew how it might be done, or if they but realized the importance of giving spiritual food and clothing as well as material.

These have been matters of lifelong thought with me, perhaps because I so early realized the barrenness of a young girl's education without this most important phase — the mother's spiritual influence.

Little by little Violet found courage to give me her whole confidence. She spoke falteringly at first, shyly but confidently at the last, and said she had had a proposal of marriage.

"But, Mrs. True," she added, "I have not decided. I hesitate because I know so little about the requirements of such a relation. Everything seems so vague and mysterious and — uncertain somehow. I have two friends who were so bright and happy and beautiful before they were married, and now, though they have never

said a word, yet they both look so different—and—and I cannot help feeling they are terribly disappointed. Then the majority of faces one meets express so little of the joy and peace, that it makes me question very earnestly, What does it all mean? Can you not tell me? You seem so wise and full of peace, I am blessed in being near you." She leaned over with her hand upon my arm and looked lovingly into my face.

The dear child! She did not know that whatever grace of wisdom or loveliness she may see in me is the grace of the Universal Love or Life that is expressed through any willing channel.

I saw what a great mission lay before me, revealed by her words, and how gladly would I accept the opportunity to help her into knowledge.

"In the first place, little one, let us see if we understand what love is," I said. "Before there can be a true marriage, there must be true love."


"But is n't it true love when two people admire each other and desire each other's

company more than the company of anyone else in the whole world?" in a shy, anxious voice.

"Ah, dear, in love there is peace,—perfect, complete, blissful peace,—which includes rest, trust, wisdom, strength, tenderness. Too often these people who admire each other and desire each other's company are anything but restful or peaceful, especially if they are absent from each other."

"But absence brings longing, does it not? And is that not the proof of deep love?" questioned the girl eagerly.

"In love there is no absence, and therefore no longing. Love gives real joy, real freedom. It holds to nothing but its own sublimity, and rests in the simple fact of its existence. It recognizes only the infinite Present where continual communion is possible, because of its wholeness and unity. The meeting of two people who love in this way is like the bending toward each other of two flowers instead of the meeting between the bee and honeysuckle. It is such a meeting as that



between two streams when a larger stream is formed."

"Oh, what a beautiful ideal!" exclaimed Violet under her breath. "How can one find such love?"

"Marriage, then, is the natural outcome of such a love," I went on, "because the visible is everywhere expressing the invisible, and every great truth in the ideal world may find its expression in the physical realm. Think what a consummation such a marriage would mean! Perfect unity, equality, strength, inspiration, attainment!"

"But marriage does not always express the perfect harmony and peace which you say belong to true love."

"No, Violet, because both love and marriage are misunderstood, their meanings perverted. The love, so called, that continually longs for the presence of the body, and *bases its satisfaction* upon the glance of the eyes, the caress, or the tender word, is not love at all, because it is directly opposite the nature of love. It is more like selfishness, because it

demands self-gratification and causes all manner of disease of both mind and body. It is like a fire that will burn only so long as the walls are standing."

"But surely most people love first with the greater love, do they not?" was the eager question.

"Most people, dear, have not thought of these things in this way. They have gone on letting Nature lead them, and sometimes it is the lower and sometimes the higher that dictates, and sometimes the two are so interwoven, life is a mixed result. But Truth is absolute, and there is a truth about the mighty themes of love and marriage as well as all other human interests."

"I can see how it is the essential selfhood of the soul one must love, and not the outward form, nor beauty, but how to make this ideal actual is the great question," she mused.

"The first step is to arrive at a mutual understanding of what the ideal means, and the next to attain that state of mental equilibrium which is so supremely master-

ful, that whether present or absent from the person of the loved one, the joy, the confidence, the content are complete. Then association brings out the fragrance of the soul in bloom. You see, dearest, it is like starting out to master a kingdom, this making ready for the true love and the true marriage. The senses, the feelings, the emotions must be absolutely subservient to the understanding; and understanding illumined with love will purify and refine the nature, until the ideal is wrought out."

"Oh! what a grand meaning it all has to me now!" exclaimed Violet.

"Yes, dear, and in the state of love—this ideal love—all the finest threads of the soul are drawn and woven into a wondrous fabric, with the golden gleam and sparkle of gems running through the pattern, and out of this shining, invisible cloth, soft as an angel's hair and warm as an angel's breath, is fashioned a garment of joy to wear through all the happy years."

. . . . .

It grew late as we sat there. The golden moon rode high in the silent sea above, before Violet rose to go to her home across the street.

The children had long since slipped quietly away to bed.

. . . I have always loved her, but that soul communion of last night has brought her closer into my heart. In her pathetic ignorance she represents to me all young girlhood. Would that I might shield her from the common fate, by turning her steps into the highway that leads upward and onward!

Come, ye Joy, that mocks the day  
Of sorrow and the night of pain ;  
Come near at hand and look with smiles  
Upon the maiden fair — while yet  
The gold is in her hair, while yet  
The bloom is on her cheek, while yet  
The peace that maketh meek lives  
In her heart of hearts.  
Look through the windows of her soul  
And, reading there the perfect whole,  
Let thy low, sweet music fill  
Her heart and life.  
Awake the breeze of Love's fair morning,

Let it lightly touch her heart,  
And feed her with that sweet content  
That youth enjoys.  
Let not the knife of ignorance keen,  
With edge of sorrow or disgust,  
Cleave her dear heart.  
Be kind, O Joy ! Sweep Life's clean strings  
As with the touch of angel wings,  
And let thy radiant presence be  
As heaven-sent ray across the sea  
Of each dark night, starless and still  
With deep foreboding.

Joy ! sweet Joy !

'T is not my darling one alone  
For whom I crave this boon —  
'T is all the maidens of the earth,  
'T is all the wives, whose eyes the dearth  
Of tears shows forth as sheer despair  
With which they wrestle.  
This grace I ask for their dear sake,  
Sweet Joy, — that that most precious gift, —  
Thine own inspiring, light-filled self  
Shall bless them all.

MAY 25.

Something happened to-day ! Brother Will, from whom we have not heard for nearly five years, came to see us. He is one of whom my father used to say : “ If Will ever gets into trouble, it will go hard with him.”




I wondered then how my merry brother, with his light heart and sunny nature, ever could get into trouble. I have wondered a good many times since. I look back to the night he came home, desolate and broken-hearted, and how he went away without a word of explanation. When he appeared so unexpectedly to-day, I knew him at once, and could read him better than then.

His heart is hard, as though it were seared and gray with effort, but he is trying to live dutifully. Duty is his god. I can see all that in his face, and, yes, feel it in some strange, intangible way that is surely infallible.

Oh, that I may help him into the sweeter, truer life that melts instead of hardens the heart forces, that warms and enriches and vitalizes both motive and action !

. . . . .  
MIDNIGHT.

A long, quiet evening spent with brother Will, but the ice of his confidence is still unbroken. I will win him surely, for my love is so warm and tender.



Dear Will! I half-suspect he came on purpose to find something of the love relationship, though he may not know it. His life has been hard and lonely, but he does not complain. The duty lines are too strongly marked for that.

It is late, but I am not sleepy, and Sanford is not yet home.

Am I satisfied to let things be as they are with him?

What have I to do with results? Nothing; absolutely. . . .

How can an idea work its transformation in a life, unless it is accepted and welcomed?

. . . . .

JUNE 3.

Life seems sleeping, and the breathings of the night are soft and low. Brother Will has just gone in and I am left with the splendor of the night and my own thoughts. The moon is high and the light is almost like that of day. I must go in and write, for my heart is full.

Brother Will has told me his story. He left home five years ago with his heart

hardened to all women, because one woman had been false. His ideal was a broken image, and he could see no other image without its flaw.

With this bit of glass in his eye he went forth. Is it any wonder his vision was distorted, his judgment warped, and his heart seared?

He was hard and cold and cynical within, but without grave and sometimes stern. So he passed for just the half of what he was, and that the poorest half. (I wonder that he could ever do anything for others!) His manliness and strength of character held him firmly to what he thought was duty. It was duty to help his fellows; it was duty that made him hold to his religion (think of it!) ; and so at last it was duty that drove him back to seek home relationships and reestablish lost home ties.

When he had told his story, brokenly and with long pauses in between some sentences, he suddenly concluded by saying, "What has come to you, Victoria, that you are so completely changed?

Somehow you are a happier, stronger woman ; there is something in your life that not only suggests, but actually sings of victory ! What is it ? ”

“ What is it ? ” I repeated, the happy tears springing to my eyes.

And then I told him the story I have told to you, the life story of victory with illustrations drawn from life experiences. I tried not to make it too religiously phrased. I saw that it would appeal to him more forcibly if I avoided that.

And after all, what matter ? Truth has many sides, and must have a various language.

Brother Will was completely won. He could perceive the standpoint of my talk and reason from it, and it gave him a new courage. It opened avenues of thought that had been dead within him or were never found before.

“ I see, Victoria, how falsely proud I was, how ignorant and full of self-conceit. I called the love I felt the highest in the world, and thought it entitled me to every glance she gave a man. I see now how,

if it had been real love, I would have been different ; I would have trusted absolutely. I would have been quiet and free from all pettiness. But I was hurt and angry and hard, refusing any explanation, and so have lived in a growing hardness from that night. I wish this Truth, as you call it, would do for me what it has for you — take away the condemnation the unrest, and disapproval of self.

“I have tried to make my life worth something, because a man *must accomplish* some work to prove himself a man. I have tried to be kind and charitable and compel myself to a noble work, but it has been a failure. There is no spontaneity, no virility in such a life.

“To cut your life pattern after an ideal of duty is to make a mold and run every thought into it, so that all your actions are made according to the same model. I am free to confess, Victoria, I am thoroughly sick of it. I wish there were no such word as duty! (vehemently).

“I want to be free to be *myself*. Why do I have this longing if it is one that cannot

be fulfilled? Let me be free to go and come, and think and act spontaneously!"

It was good for him to unburden his heart. He has been pent up too long.

"But you could not live up to ideals, even if you had them, as long as you let that dreadful hardness lock them up," I said boldly. "No one can be himself who refuses to let himself be lived. To be governed by hate or prejudice or even a sense of duty, for mere duty's sake, is to grow hard and mechanical, and that means mental ossification. Service must be spontaneous to be true. But to live with a beautiful ideal before you, is to look in all directions with hope, is to fulfil every obligation with glad spontaneity, is to ever enlarge and expand the elasticity of your finer nature, and go forward with the zeal of real life and a living purpose. I am glad, Will, you are ready and willing to travel this beautiful road." . . .

He did not answer, but was very thoughtful, and presently arose and walked into the house.

JUNE 5.

Brother Will has decided to remain here and enter into business. That means more than he thinks it does. . . . I am so happy! One more face turned toward the Light. Oh, and Violet! She will never turn back.

Aunt Delia has a good many ups and downs, but she holds bravely to her purpose. Says she intends to fight it out on this line. That is splendid pluck, and for such natures as hers with such strong convictions, likes, and dislikes, it takes the same quality of strength to turn the tide. The fact that she has come into the state of *willingness* is of the greatest importance.

*The sun will melt the largest iceberg, providing the iceberg floats down to the Tropic zone.*

The children are developing beautifully. They are so much more harmonious together than they used to be! Sanford realizes it too. A few days ago he gave them money for a little party. He is very generous that way. . . . I cannot

help thinking I see the beginning of a change.

. . . . .

JUNE 7, 5 A.M.

How I do enjoy these early morning times! There is such an inspiration in the breath and perfume and beauty of a summer morning.

It rained nearly all day yesterday, and everything was washed and beautified for the bright new day that has come.

Oh, joyous minstrelsy of soul,  
That findeth voice  
In every tongue of nature!

Violet came in yesterday and we had a long talk. She is like a new creature. How wonderfully the words spoken the other night have quickened her! She seems to have suddenly blossomed. All the uncertainty is gone. She gave her answer a few days ago in regard to the proposal.

"And it was a negative, Mrs. True. I could not think of accepting after I learned what you told me," she said. "I had



expected to accept ; I liked the gentleman and thought it might be love. He seemed a haven to which I might fly for protection and rest, and since I have been alone in the world those two words have been the most heavenly I could think to utter, but *now*" (with a repellent gesture) "I scorn such a thought! It would have been so unjust to him as well as myself! It was so ignoble . . . but really, dear Mrs. True, I did not know what I was doing nor where I stood in the matter until that night. But I had told him to wait until I was sure ; in that I did the best I knew. Surely he will be glad in the end, though now he thinks it very hard."

"Yes, dear, he will be glad, because he will realize how nobly you stood for what to you is right. He will respect all woman-kind more, because of your honest decision," I added.

There were tears in her eyes. "I am afraid he does not quite understand. I outlined in the most delicate way possible the ideal you gave me (for it became mine the moment you gave it) and said all the

beautiful things that came to me that would inspire and comfort him, but he did not grasp the idea."

"Never mind, he will, if he is ready for it; if he is not, he must go his own way."

"I would like to feel that he has this beautiful ideal, but I can do nothing more than I have done. . . . Now I am free and I know myself as never before. Why, Mrs. True, if you could realize the strength and inspiration and boundless courage that have come to me since that talk, you would be astonished!" The fire had come back to her voice, and she looked the embodiment of womanly beauty.

Her soul is waking up. I can foresee a glorious unfoldment awaiting my dear Violet.

The germ of consciousness will quicken and expand until the old shell of ignorance falls away, leaving the perfect Life uncovered and growing toward bloom and fruitage.

. . . . .

A Something floats upon the air,  
A Something steals through every breath

And breathes in every life.  
'T is the whispered promise of a joy to be  
Fulfilled, when that sweet freedom comes,  
As come it must to prisoned souls. . . .  
The darkness of an age-long night  
Shall cease. The hour of dawn draws nigh,  
And when the new day breaks it will  
Reveal what ne'er has been revealed  
Before — the soul of Woman. . . .  
The Light that comes will warm dead hopes  
And blighted joys until they wake  
And move with bounding life. The fear  
That holds the woman-heart like chained and helpless  
Slave will melt away. A new  
Strength will steal upon her, and that  
Which appears benumbed and stunted and inefficient  
Will grow to the fulness of a perfect stature.  
The starved and sorrow-bruised heart  
Will be healed and leap for joy, knowing  
The abundance of the bread that satisfies, which is  
A conscious, freely-given, pure, and holy  
Love, that knows no evil, no selfishness,  
And no limitation, because of its  
God-essence.  
The light of this Love is the sun of the new day,  
And as it shines, the Woman of darkness —  
The Sphinx of the ages — shall arise, no longer  
Cast in the mold of a Sphinx, with head  
And breast of a woman, with body and limbs  
Of a beast, but with the form of an angel such as  
Earth ne'er dreamed of seeing, with face

Radiant and body glorious. E'en now  
The sun begins its shining on  
The desert. The Sphinx moves not, but gazes  
Toward the Light. . . .

A little longer, oh, ye waiting World,  
And the transformation will take place.  
The Angel will appear. Born of love,  
Baptized with freedom, she will spring  
Forth like Minerva, full armed with life.

. . . . .  
And they who went from the gates of Paradise  
Shall find a new Eden and a new  
Dominion.

JUNE 10.

How many hearts there are to comfort!  
I met a new one to-day — Mrs. Vail. She  
is visiting Mrs. Gordon. This afternoon  
I ran in for a few minutes' chat with  
Julieta, who has been ill (although she is  
rapidly improving now), and Mrs. Gordon  
insisted on my stopping to meet her  
friend.

“ She needs just the word you can give,  
Mrs. True. She is in deep trouble,  
mourning for a child. I have been

wishing you would come in. Please give her an idea," whispered Mrs. Gordon as she drew me toward the parlor.

I stayed two hours. Mrs. Vail was dressed in deep black. Her mind was in a bitter state. She cannot reconcile herself to the change. She began almost immediately to talk about her loss.

How could I, believing in Life as I do, refrain from speaking the truth about it?

"Spirit is deathless," I said, "and we who believe that, must believe in Life, glad, glorious, triumphant."

"I believe it, but I don't know it," she sighed.

"If you believe it, it would help you to think and act as if you know it. Then the anguish of parting would be lessened and lost in the joy of thinking of the precious new privileges to which the loved one has attained."

"Oh, but I want some sign that she lives and enjoys!"

"Stop and consider that it was the oneness of soul, not the presence of body, which made love possible. All the

graces, the virtues, the qualities you so admired are attributes of soul, not body. Now that the body is gone, can you not love the soul just the same as before? If you can, why may not she?"

"But I want her back! Sometimes I almost feel like screaming out to the heavens to give me back my child!"

"The soul is the same as before. It knows, it thinks, it loves. It is not dead; it has simply put off its instrument of expression. It may have a new one in the new country to where it has gone, but we need not trouble about that nor question. It is enough to know that the soul cannot die, and that love can never change. We have many friends who may be absent in the body, but we are sure of the presence of their love."

A softened expression had come over the face before me. Mrs. Vail was listening eagerly.

"And even if months go by and they send no word," I continued, "our trust is great enough to know that nothing can dim the shining of Love's star, and no

circumstance of silence nor of mystery can shake our faith that some day all will be explained."

"But if the letter never comes?"

"Love never doubts. It accepts only Itself. Here is another point. Many times with this one who is absent, thoughts have been exchanged, unheralded by word, or letter or outward sign. If, through sympathy and unity of mind, you could exchange messages while your bodies might be miles apart, why can you not exchange, regardless of body? Love knows no separation."

"Oh! if I could realize that, I would be comforted!"

"She is not dead, but living and loving just as before," I went on. "But as she is not bound to the earth body, she should not be bound to your earth conditions. She is about the Father's business, and, so far as your love is heavenly and her love is heavenly, you are in one heaven and of one mind, each at rest concerning the other, because of the divineness of your love, because of your renunciation of

selfish grief, because of your willingness to believe without signs — yes, because you have risen to the point of knowing, knowing that love is indivisible and changeless.”

The tears were falling now like summer rain. I knew the hardness was melting, but I felt impelled to say more.

“You would not thrust your grief upon her nor sadden her new life by moaning and wailing of your loneliness, because such thoughts would mar her happiness.

“Why not let her have her freedom? Why not say to her as though you spoke directly: ‘Darling, my love is great enough to make me wish for your best good. Go on to the higher life, the farther lessons awaiting you. No grief nor longing wish of mine shall hold you earthbound. My love is ever with you, but to bless, not bind nor hamper. You are free. I let you fly like a glad, free bird out of my sight. I will seek no sign nor token. I will be content to know that love makes us one, and that all is well.’”

. . . I rose and softly left the room. . . .



She will feel better for shedding such tears. They will water the love roots and quicken them into new life. . . .

O Mother heart, now sad and desolate,  
Lift up thy grief-bowed head !  
The darling child thou thinketh  
Dead, still lives because  
Of love. Her later form  
Thou may'st not see because  
Thine eyes are veiled with grief  
And the mystery of  
Her going forth is still  
So dark to thee. But ever,  
As the years go by  
And time fades into nothingness,  
Her love is of eternal  
Life a part, and knows  
Supremest bliss — the joy  
Of loving.  
What though the form be gone?  
'Tis but the garment loaned  
For earth.  
'Tis now replaced by one  
More beauteous and fair.  
Loose thine eyes from form.  
Was 't form possessed the graces  
Thou didst love, or was 't  
The joy, the mirth, the heavenlier  
Grace of Spirit?  
This grace, fond Mother heart,

Can never die. 'T is God's  
Essence in a soul  
Distilled, and shown to thee  
As love, and in a little  
Child.

Think'st thou that love can cease,  
E'en though the eyes be closed,  
The voice be stilled, the garment  
Laid aside?

Lift but the curtain of  
Thy memory. When the lovely  
Form was sleeping, didst  
Thou hover near and weep  
And moan because the eyes  
Responded not to thine,  
Because the lips were still,  
And the music of the childish  
Laughter hushed?  
Ah, no! Thou hadst more faith.  
Softly didst thou slip  
Away and leave the child  
To sleep. Thy thought was turned  
To other things and the silent  
Sleeper quite forgot.  
Thou trusted then in God  
And though unnamed this trust  
Might be, its sway was absolute  
And its gift was peace.  
And when again, thy dear one  
Left thee for a day in school,  
Or for a month, a year, did'st spend

The time in grieving o'er  
Her absence?  
Nay, mother heart, *thy love*  
*Was greater than thyself.*  
Thou could'st endure e'en silence  
And aloneness for her  
Sweet sake, knowing she  
Was in another mansion  
Of the Father's house,  
Receiving gifts.  
Thy love gave wings. It flew  
With thee to where she was,  
Or filled thy silence with  
Her soul's rare melodies,  
And thy loneliness with her voiceful  
Presence.  
O Mother heart, look up, be glad,  
And sing! Know only truth  
And thy bonds shall melt as dew  
Before the sun — the truth  
That life is deathless, and  
That love forever lives  
And loves its own, that love  
Is boundless, ineffaceable, and true  
As God.  
Let once again thy trust  
Hold sway, not selfish grief.  
List for the heavenly message  
It will bring to thee  
Of God's sweet child and thine,  
(To love).

Be like a child thyself  
And let the Father cradle  
Thee upon the breast  
Divine — the selfless Love —  
Which knows no distance, time  
Nor space, but ever is  
And was, and shall be.  
Then will thy heart grow light  
And thine eyes radiant with  
The joy of *knowing*  
*There is no death.*

JUNE 13, EARLY MORNING.

The birds were singing when I arose,  
and the first rose tints of the new day  
were broadening and brightening in the  
east.

I have been sitting in the wonderful  
state of silence that brings so much. Oh,  
the unutterable peace that stole over and  
into my soul! Every fibre of my being  
seemed vibrant with an infinite spiritual  
harmony. I was thinking of the Christ  
life and its wonderful wisdom and love as


manifested through Jesus. Then a great calm—a hush fell upon me. . . .

I saw the shining waters of the beautiful blue Galilee, and beside the shore, walking with slow and thoughtful tread, the Master. Majestic, wise, yet very gentle was his mien, and his voice commanding, yet tenderly persuasive.

He was calling his disciples, and as he called, they left their ships and followed. Impetuous Peter was the first to answer, and as he passed, I saw the signs of his quick speech and hasty thought marking his face, and yet there were noble traits displayed as well. The force and fiery zeal that might be harnessed into steady strength were plainly marked.

And John, with quick willingness and fond devotion expressed in every feature, walked close, and even placed his feet exactly where the Master's feet had trod. So they all passed by, until at last came Thomas, the doubting one, with mingled doubt and curiosity signaled even in his gait. . . .

It was a morning scene and the day



grew as I gazed. The faint blue haze about the mountain tops shifted into a rosy mist and the sun smiled upon the waters and kissed the rippling waves. . . . And the group of faces around the Master grew worshipful and reverent as the disciples listened to the words he spoke.

. . . I see a meaning to the vision. It represents the coming of the Christ or Truth into the consciousness of the individual. It calls and draws every faculty of human nature to serve and follow It — the Truth. To perceive and follow Truth, or Christ, is to find the Way, and to walk in the Way, is to live the Life.

. . . . .

Oh, thou universal Christ !  
Principle of Love, of Life, of Truth,  
Thou art my only way —  
As sunlight lamps the paths of earth  
So Thou doth light the willing feet  
That press toward Thee.  
Thou art my only Truth !  
As knowledge gives assurance, so  
Thou, O Truth, doth give thy power  
With thy presence, and fulfilment  
With thy promise.

Thou art my life indeed, than which  
There is no other.

In Thee I live, as lives the bird  
In air, with power to fly or here,  
Or there, or low or high, up borne  
By Thee.

In Thee I live, and living, hold  
Aloft that Light that lighteth all  
The world.

JUNE 15.

I can hardly see the page for happy tears. . . . Surely I may record this grandest of all victories!

It was early this morning while I was sitting in my "meditation corner" in my room. Hearing a knock at the door, I said, "Come!"

The door opened and there stood my husband, cleanly shaven and dressed in a brand new suit of clothes. His eyes were clear and bright, and he looked more like the dear Sanford of long ago than he has for years.

"Will I disturb you if I come in a little while?" he asked before I had time to utter a word.

"Certainly not. Come in, dear."

He walked up to me and, putting his hands on my shoulders, he looked straight into my eyes with a clear steady gaze, but so full of longing! . . . I lead him to the sofa where I had been sitting.

"Victoria," he began, "I want to turn over a new leaf. Will you help me?"

What could I do but put my arms about him and whisper a happy, God-filled "Yes"?

O my husband, if you could only know what that moment meant to me!

We sat there holding each other's hands, and there was a long silence. *I had never ceased to love him.* He evidently wished to say something. At last he began:—

"About two weeks ago I was almost run over by the cars. By the merest accident I was saved. It opened my eyes to things I have purposely been blind to . . . and I resolved with a new strength to begin over. . . . I have not drank a drop



since. Every day I have tried to find courage enough to speak to you and tell you what an inspiration your life has been, even to my poor, weak self. . . . Many a time in the past I have sworn to change, but as soon as I got into temptation I forgot, though I have had struggles, God knows. I believe now I can change if I will — and *I will*. . . . I would not come to you. . . . Often my thought has been against you. . . . You know why. . . . And when you took that stand a year ago, to be your individual self and decide your own personal questions, although you were very kind about it, yet it rankled in my heart and I felt hard, as you have reason to know.” . . .

I made a motion as if to speak.

“Don’t, dear. I — I want your forgiveness. . . . Will you grant it? . . . I want to say, too, Victoria, that that *very decided stand of yours, set me to thinking more than anything else you ever did*. I see now how you really *had to take it; how you could not be true to yourself unless you did*. . . . I am weak, but you must make

me strong. . . . *I will be a man.* With God's help and yours I can and I will. Teach me, Victoria. . . . I want to be worthy of my noble wife." . . .

. . . There is much that can never be written. The inmost heart-throbs cannot be heard. . . .

O God, I thank Thee ! . . .

I rejoice now for even the years of suffering and waiting. . . . They gave me my rich experience. . . .

Yes, Sanford may be brought to the full stature of a perfect manhood. *His willingness makes all things possible.* Even in the hours of weakness, when the tests come, if he is *willing* to speak, the word of Truth will make him strong and sound and whole. And I will speak with him. . . . Together we will go forward into the new life, and this beautiful morning with the radiant sunshine flooding everything, both within and without, we have begun.

. . . . .

This is the Journal as Victoria True wrote it. When I asked if there were no further victories recorded, she replied: "Many; but I think if the world believes this record, it will be satisfied that it *may* be happy and masterful, if it *will*." And I know she is right.

"In the Will, work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance," says the immortal Emerson.













